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volume, *Norse Mythology: Legends of Gods and Heroes*, translated by Dr. S. B. Hustvedt, which the American publishers offer as the authoritative guide to the world of Northern myth and legend. It is intended to serve alike the student of Old Norse literature, the reader of other literatures in which the ancient themes occur, and especially the general reader who has searched often and in vain for one handy volume to tell him of the old Norse gods and their affairs. Price, \$2.50



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FINANCIAL NOTES

OSLO TAX RECEIPTS LESS FOR 1927

According to official figures recently published, the tax receipts of the city of Oslo for the current year will be 38,000,000 kroner less than for last year. The taxable property of the city is likewise reduced in value by some 75,000,000 kroner, standing at the present time around 1,700,000,000 kroner. The tax rate at present is 12.62, and while an increase is expected as being necessary, it is not thought that it will go beyond 12.75.

NEW YORK FINANCIER IN POLISH BANK

W. A. Harriman, the New York financier, has been named vice-president of a newly organized banking firm in Warsaw, Poland, composed of industrialists of Polish Upper Silesia. The new institution is affiliated with the Warsaw Bank of Commerce which is one of the nation's largest financial institutions. It is the intention of the new bank to finance industrial enterprises, among which the zinc operations take first place. Previous to entering the new financial organization, the Harriman interests have been active in Polish zinc development.

STOCKHOLM CONFERENCE TO BENEFIT ALL SCANDINAVIA

It is agreed in Scandinavian financial and commercial circles that the recent conference in Stockholm, in which forty nations took part, will ultimately prove of the greatest possible benefit to the entire North. As chairman of the delegation of the country in which the conference was held, Mr. K. A. Wallenberg did much toward strengthening the economic ties that unite the three Northern nations on questions of mutual interest and profit. Largely because of the skill with which the tariff questions were handled, the conference unanimously passed a resolution affirming adhesion of the business world to the declaration of the Geneva conference regarding "those tariff walls and policies which are unduly harming trade," notably the statement that "the time has come to put an end to the increase in tariffs and to move in the opposite direction."

NORWEGIAN KRONE ON THE ROAD TO PAR

Due to the energetic efforts of Norges Bank the official krone rate has fallen 3 öre, and the foreign balances in the bank are now so greatly reduced that they are likely to disappear altogether before long. It is quite natural that foreign withdrawals have taken place without weakening the krone, which now is on the road to par. All extraordinary restrictions have been removed, so that it is once more possible to do business with foreign deposits.

CUBA ASKS LOWER U. S. TARIFF RATES ON SUGAR

The visit of President Gerardo Machado of Cuba to the United States had largely to do with his country's desire for a new American customs rate on sugar. President Machado wants President Coolidge to exercise his legal rights under the flexible tariff provision to lower the tariff on all sugar, and in return for this Cuba is willing to reciprocate by lowering the duties on the most important articles imported from the United States.

TAX BURDEN OF THE AMERICAN FARMER

According to the National Industrial Conference Board, the general property tax paid by the farmers of the United States in the period from 1909 to 1914 averaged \$265,000,000, whereas in 1922 it rose to \$797,000,000 and in 1925 to \$891,000,000, an increase of nearly 236 per cent, while in this same period the gross agricultural income increased only 100 per cent. Farm taxes are chiefly general property taxes, levied by the state and local units on the basis of capital value, irrespective of current farm earnings. Few farmers pay Federal income taxes; the income of only 29 out of every thousand was taxed in 1923. Eighty to ninety per cent of the farm's taxes are for expenses within the county, and the largest items are for good roads and better schools.

CO-OPERATION BETWEEN SWEDISH AND BRITISH MATCH INTERESTS

An agreement between the Swedish Match Corporation and the Bryant and May Company, the leading producer of matches in Great Britain, stipulating co-operation and community of interests in all parts of the British Empire except Asia, has been signed by Ivar Kreuger, head of the Swedish concern, and George Paton, president of the British company. The holders of common stock of the latter are invited to exchange their stock for 4,189,548 shares in the new Imperial Match Company. Each of the old shares will entitle the holder to receive 3/4 of the new. The Swedish Match Corporation will receive 1,800,000 shares of the stock of the Imperial Match Company in exchange for all the stock of John Masters & Company, a company affiliated with the Swedish concern. Application has been filed with the London Stock Exchange for quotation of the new stock.

GERMAN OFFERINGS IN THE AMERICAN MARKET

A notable foreign offering is a \$30,000,000 issue of the Central Bank of Agriculture of Germany, 6 per cent 33-year secured sinking fund bonds offered at 95 and interest to yield about 6.36 per cent. This is the second offering of the Central Bank in the American markets, the first a \$25,000,000 issue of 7 per cent 25-year bonds appearing last September. Another important new German issue was the \$30,000,000 United Steel Works Corporation 20-year 6 1/2 per cent debentures, which were offered at 98 1/2 and accrued interest, to yield over 6.62 per cent.

LANDMANDSBANK OF COPENHAGEN HAS OFFER OF U. S. LOAN

According to *Boersen*, the leading financial publication of Denmark, the Department of Finance has received an offer from the National City Bank of New York for \$20,000,000 on the condition that the government pay a certain rate of interest, and distribute the loan with a 3/4 per cent increase above the New York discount rate. It has for some time been the aim of the Conservative element to obtain such an amount of money as eventually would make it possible to do away with the present arrangement between the government and the Landmandsbank. The Landmandsbank affair is again becoming a political issue, with the various parties looking to the next meeting of the Rigsdag for a solution of this burning question.

1864

1927

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JÖRGEN BUKDAHL, the young Danish critic who has made himself a sympathetic interpreter of Norwegian life and thought, finds in Hans E. Kinck the very essence of the national temperament. It is hoped that this difficult but profoundly interesting Norwegian, who is already famous in Europe, will soon be presented to American readers.

HANS BRIX, one of the leading literary critics of Denmark, has recently published a volume of essays on Danish writers from Saxo to Pontoppidan.

The works of STEEN STEENSEN BLICHER, while too much alive to need revival, have grown steadily in popularity. The sturdy realism which his own contemporaries admired rather against their literary conscience, is in harmony with the ideals of our time. Unfortunately the limitations of space prevent the REVIEW from printing more than the first section of his *Gypsy Life*, which incidentally gives a good picture of his own roving on the heath. So far as we know these pages and the first part of *The Hosier (Hosekræmmeren)* included in Warner's Library of the World's Best Literature are the only selections from his works that have appeared in English. The life of Blicher has been the subject of investigation by the poet Jeppe Aakjær, like Blicher a native of Jutland and a master of the dialect story. Only a part of this work has yet appeared. Painters, too, have been inspired by the picturesque parson and poet of the heath. "Blicher among the Gypsies" on our cover is by the famous painter of peasant life, Chr. Dalsgaard, and was painted in 1866. Sixty years later V. Neiiendam painted the picture of Blicher with his dog and gun which appears on page 595. After being exhibited in Charlottenborg

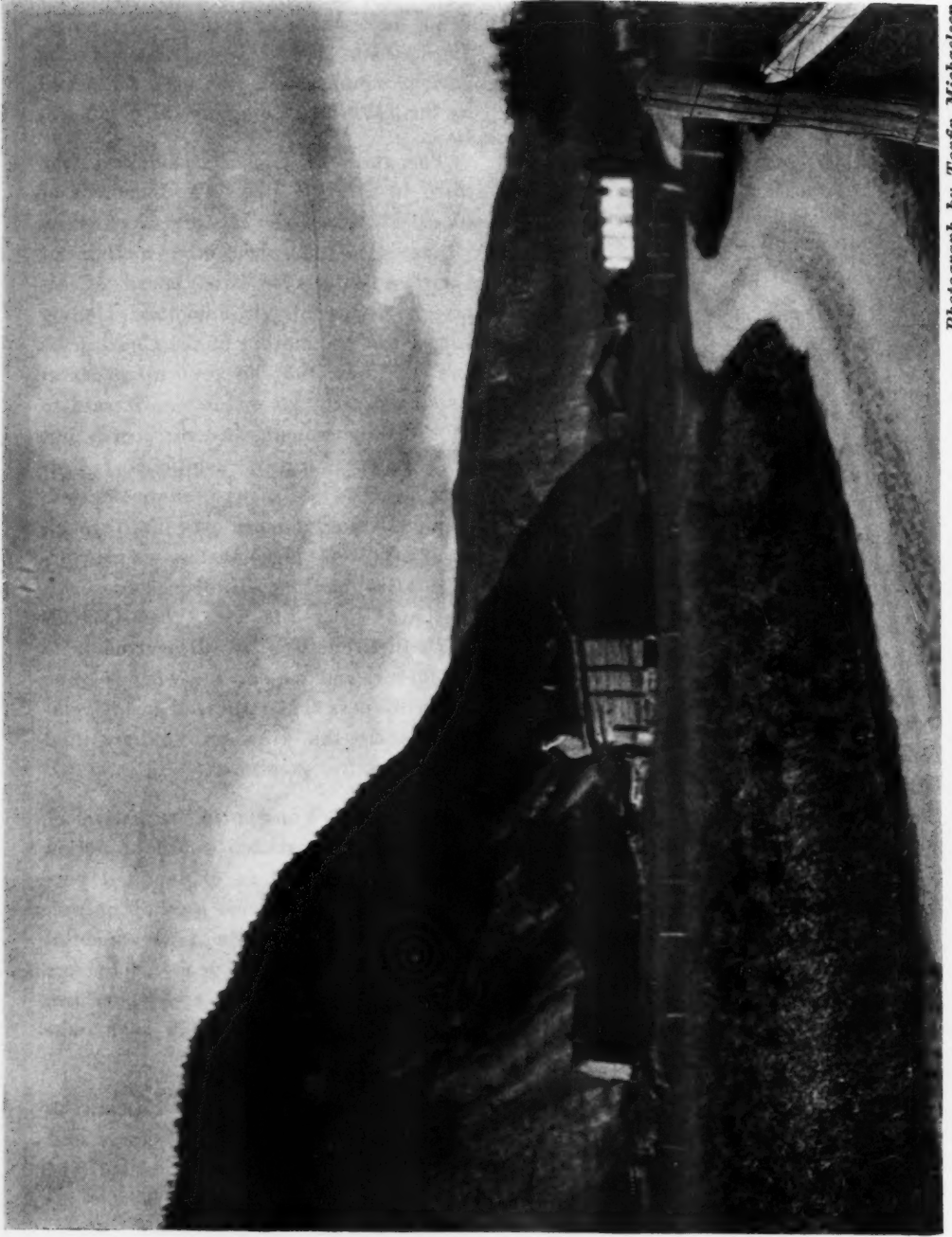
it was bought by the local museum in Aalborg, Jutland.

SIGNE TOKSVIG has recently made her début as a writer of fiction. Her novel, *The Black Devil*, a romance of the Basque country, has just been published by the John Day Company in New York.

The story of Ulrika Eleonora is the third in CARL GRIMBERG's Romances of Swedish Queens. History has been strangely silent about the mother of Charles XII. We have heard of his reverence for his grandmother Hedvig Eleonora, "the mother of the Charleses," and we know that he kept up a correspondence with his sister who is said to be the only woman he ever loved, but his mother is rarely mentioned. Perhaps she died too soon; perhaps she was removed from influence over him through her invalidism. Nevertheless we can surmise after reading Grimberg's description of Ulrika Eleonora, that Charles XII's fortitude was not all derived from his father, and we can see whence came the gentleness that appeared in his relations with the common soldiers and humanized his greatness.

KARL-ERIK FORSSLUND, a native of Dalecarlia, has written books of fiction and poetry as well as of fact, all permeated with his intense love of nature. He is now engaged in a monumental work on Dalecarlia, its people, its songs and stories, its folk lore, and its nature. Eleven volumes have already been published.

HENRY COMMAGER, who appears in this number both as book reviewer and translator, has been a Fellow of the Foundation to Denmark and is now instructor in history at New York University. He contributed to the Fellows' Symposium last February.



ROAD THROUGH BYKLE IN THE UPPER SETESDAL, NORWAY *Photograph by Torfin Michaelsen*

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Hans E. Kinck
1865-1926

By JÖRGEN BUKDAHL

HANS E. KINCK, who died last fall, was the central literary figure of modern Norway. No one tells us more of Norway as a nation, more about its unique and precious qualities; no one tells us more of the lone man's struggle to develop in his own way as a personality. He is a center point in Norwegian cultural life also by virtue of spanning the gulf between the two modes of expression and thought: the Danish-Norwegian or Riksmål and the Norse-Norwegian or Landsmål. But these two elements in him created a sense of tension, a friction between the Classicist who desires harmony and would rest in his own humanistic perception of life, and the Romanticist who always reaches out yearningly beyond the obvious to the irrational, to folk mysticism and dark, racial longing.

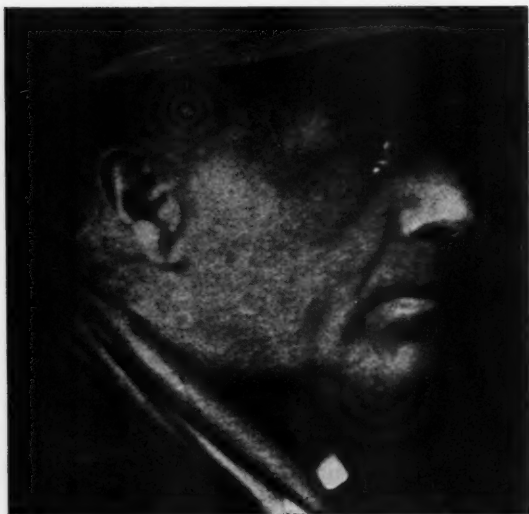
This struggle is the basic motive in all of Kinck's work, in bulk Norway's greatest, divided into dramas, novels, critical and historical works, travel notes and short stories.

II

In the drama, *The Drover*, he tries to include all the Norwegian national characteristics in one type, the horse trader, Vraal. In all his novels of local color, Kinck kept almost entirely to the districts that he knew, Setesdalen or outer Hardanger. By making Vraal a horse trader, however, and thereby emphasizing his nomadic existence, Kinck has broadened the type and made it representative of all Norway.

Before him, of course, was Ibsen's attempt to draw a Norwegian type—Peer Gynt—which must be seen in connection with his Brand so as not to get a one-sided picture—and even then the picture is not complete. One can trace in Kinck's book a hidden polemic against Ibsen's attempt. Ibsen makes of Peer Gynt a dreamer, a poet, and

digs a gulf between his life and his imagination. By this division, however, the type is set aside in favor of a poetical discussion of the human tragedy that lies in such a cleft character. But Kinck makes of Vraal a whole character in whom life and imagination are irrevocably bound together. With this wholeness of character Vraal does not become a special case as did Peer Gynt. His disposition is never



HANS E. KINCK

warped by esthetics; it merely unfolds without any moral reflection. Vraal wishes only to be true—that is to say, faithful to the impulses of his nature.

Kinck sketches rapidly Vraal's basic qualities: He is both a skald and a horse trader, and he is equally able in either capacity. At times he even uses his poetical abilities to further his business. Vraal bewitches the merchant with his poetical faculties, and then cheats him while he is still under the enchantment. The seer of visions has

also a wise and cautious eye for business, which is never for an instant veiled. In opposition stands Peer Gynt, who allowed himself to be deceived by his dreams, so that they finally poisoned his whole character. It is these two qualities that Kinck would place first emphasis on in his characterizations of the Norwegian temperament: the ecstatic, poetical tendency laid close beside the rationalistic, calculating, and practical one, with no transition between them. At the same time that Vraal seems to be enchanted in the heaven of his visions, he cheats the merchant brilliantly.

As is apparent, Kinck sees deeper and truer than Ibsen, who portrayed both sides of the Peer Gynt character—but not at the same time. He lets the practical business man evolve from the dreamer and poet. It is a mark of genius with Kinck that he saw the presence of these two elements in the Norwegian mind at the same time. In *The Mountain Camp at Rindal* he has written a dramatic epilogue to *The Drover*. Of his dramatic production I shall also mention the Italian Renaissance dramas *Carnival*, with Machiavelli as chief character; *The Last Guest*, which portrays his counterpart, the scandal-writing Pietro Aretino; the delightful and lyrical romantic play, *Wedding in Genoa*, and the more bitter but not less flaming *Brothers of Lisabetta*.

III

From a pure technical standpoint Kinck's novels are the weakest of all his works. They lack both construction and perception. The life in his subject matter overwhelms him so that his reflection gives him back only impressions which are chained together like a drama in novel form, rather than a cool and weighed searching out of all psychological possibilities. But what impressions they are! Glittering, original points of view, dreams, keen knowledge of mankind. He is a part of his drama and fired by its life. Now and then he takes the words from the mouths of his creations in order to talk with them himself and put things in place, to set all their characteristics against an historical background of the world. Taking his novels *The Minister*, *Herman Ek*, *The Emigrants*, one can compose from these reflections of his a brilliant essay on the psychology of the national character. The same holds true of his many speeches from his greatest three-volume work *The Snowslide Fell*. It is a novel of the collapse of a town through the struggle of the "petit nobility" and the peasant. It is typical that as dramatist and psychologist Kinck turns always to the stages of social decay, where all that is hidden in a human soul comes to the surface, where there is a free interplay of all forces. Among his novels I would especially call attention to *The Emigrants*. He tries here to give a psychological explanation of the problem of emigration. Why did the Norwegians travel to America in proportionally larger numbers than emigrants did from other lands? Were the social and economic conditions alone the reason? Kinck drives deeper than that, down to the dead centuries in the history of the people. Then a whole race smouldered with the need of creation and accomplishment. In emigration these unused capacities found an outlet. Free America became the chosen place for romance and adventure. Here was elbow room for their abilities. (But what it cost the emigrants to turn their dreams to reality, to transform romance to actuality is told in O. E. Rølvaag's unusually rich book, *Giants in the Earth*, until now the most talented contribution to the psychology of emigration.) In seeking a psychological reason for emigration, however, Kinck's book becomes a deep and thorough analysis of the various strata in Norwegian character, a depiction of how these strata slide in upon each other, and cause earthquakes and upheavals on the surface. Nothing could hold the young people in the valley despite the efforts at social betterment of Gunvor Grimm, the chief feminine character. Doctor Rast says: "There's one thing that you have made a terrible mistake in, Fröken Grimm. These men are not beggars asking for a crust of bread at the fireside. They are the richest and most wasteful people on the earth. They are Dublin kings, I tell you, and boasting crusaders; they smoulder with the energy of five hundred years."

How deep is the water in which Kinck has labored he himself tells in the preface to the German edition: "In sketching certain of the characters in *The Emigrants*, I have sought to bring out qualities from the temper of the Middle Ages, as one finds them to-day in the Norwegian valleys—and outside them—qualities that continue to live alongside the clearest rationalism. I have thus tried to bring forth into daylight the subjective state of mind and the passive, moody craving for admiration; the credulity, and vacillation, but especially the berserk's madness, self-consuming in its output of power, all, at bottom, qualities that survive from the time when race and tribe meant everything and the individual nothing. I have, for example, also dealt with the hair-splittings and word plays, which, in my opinion, represent the same intellectual cravings that we see in the Middle Ages, which with unbelievable absence of any ability to separate the essential from the non-essential, shaped the sophistries of scholasticism, created the riddles of the folk tales, shaped the artificial Old Norse skald verse. All of these were the intellectual exercises of the time, and expressions of its wit, and the same streak is clearly seen in the mental life of the people to this day."

IV

An essential part of Kinck's work belongs to the history of literature, art, and culture. In this field his aptitude finds most happy expression. A comprehensive knowledge gives him certainty in his construction. A sensitive feeling for organic wholeness, for the psychology of his subject, gives him the chance for vigorous conclusions which, where they seem to be most paradoxical, are supported by his intuitive keen vision.

One special group deals with Kinck's studies in Italian cultural life. He understood the Italian type of mind—a counterpart to his own. In *The Voice of the Race* he seeks the national mentality of Italy in Verga Carduccio, Pascoli, but not in d'Annuncio. He has simplified it in two basic types: Machiavelli (whom he has depicted in *Men of the Renaissance* and in the drama *Carnival*), the fiery soul that comprehended the immense blind might in the national spirit and clear-sightedly modelled his political ideas after it, and Pietro Aretino (depicted in *Knight of the Pen* and in the drama *The Last Guest*), hero of shams, the poseur who comprehended nothing, but had enough to do in keeping things going from day to day.

In *A Spanish Autumn Day* he has given a cross-section of Spanish culture with its dangerous racial blending, which sucks the sap from a stock. He has assembled in *Many Kinds of Art* a series of studies of Norwegian poets, of saga motifs, of actual problems, such as style and rhythm. A little book, *Our Era of Greatness*, deals with Norwegian cultural life in the 13th Century, when the old—the saga and the skald poetry—was fading, and the new—folk ballads and troubador

poetry—was about to arise. As Kinck, the novelist, turns to the stages of spiritual upheaval, so here we see that he turns as historian of cultures to the eras of transition, where there is the greatest opportunity for psychological research. Here a race lays bare its inmost qualities in the struggles to bind old and new together in one unit.

V

In the art of the short story Kinck is at his best. His intellect is here in complete accord with his sure sense for psychology in an art whose distinguishing mark is command of his material, a fastidious precision, lucidity, even where the subject matter embraces the most unquiet and turbulent life. His stories can be divided into two groups: The intimate and the humorous story. The first deals especially with love, but love at certain fixed transitional stages—either

the dawning first love, hardly conscious of itself, or that which is dying or aging—since here is the best ground for psychological observation: all the struggle of feelings, the mind's bias, the worms that creep in the heart and gnaw the root of the tree that should shade mankind's social life. A great collection of stories with this motive Kinck called *When Love Dies*. Even in his last book, *Spring Time in Micropolis*, published after his death, he turns back to this motif. One of his stories, called *October*, deals with the autumn that ravages a human heart. She is middle-aged, but he is only a young cadet. They wander in the fields near Oslo. They love each other, but she



PORTRAIT OF KINCK FROM HIS YOUTH

knows in her tumultuous heart that it cannot last, that the leaves may flame with red and gold but that it is fever, the heart's Indian summer, that the leaves will fall and the time of ice and snow will come. Through his unusually intimate art Kinck has caught this interplay between two human hearts. He delivers her over not to our pity but to our sympathy, a stripped human soul for whom the violins of autumn play. But here there is only a comfortless garden gate that grates, and she stands and looks after him while the leaves

fall. Words are too thin to give vent to her pain. In the rhythm of his style and in the arrangement of words in his sentences he has nevertheless caught the wordless and elusive "something more," as life is more than the language wherein woe seeks to confine it. So far has Northern art come in the most difficult of all types of literature, the short story.

His humorous stories for the most part have their origin in Norwegian folk life, but some have also a more universal interest and stand on the edge of satire, as for example, *Spring Time in Micropolis* and *Troubador in Sybaris*, in the collection mentioned above. This book as a whole is the very essence of all his authorship. Did he obscurely feel that death stood before his door? Did he wish once more in a book to give a picture of his art's rich complexity: satire, deep sympathy, scorn, anger, passion, heaven, hell in a man's mind?

No other book reflects in such concentrated fashion his bitter world philosophy. Everything passes; nothing is fixed, human virtues are frail; in the great periods of unrest, every one is most himself; the Angel of Mercy goes desolate. In this book he transmutes to art the bitter teaching of the World War by tracing its shadows in a little Thracian town of the heroic age; Micropolis he calls it. Then there happens in simplified form what we experienced in that involved period from 1914 to 1918: foreshadowings of the war, its pathos, its ecstasy, and afterwards resignation. The armies fail to progress; prices climb; citizens exploit one another. Then come distress, horror, and utter darkness. Have we forgotten that, the true impression? Have we not veiled it by flight from the world or a shoddy religiosity? Here Kinck nails it to the paper; here he raises up the pictures of the war, more mercilessly bitter than ever before. Such is reality; so deep is the chasm under the life of mankind; thus is laid open everything that lay latent before, the pit of horror, of heartlessness that yawns when great events sling man up out of the rut of the everyday.

But Kinck is not a pessimist. Just such a picture of reality forces a man to turn inwards on himself to his own individuality, his personality's core. To keep intact his humanity together with his personality is the ordeal by fire. Therefore he says: "Pessimism is not usable as a working hypothesis. One's vitality finally sloughs it off. There is only one thing that one must preserve. That is the wisdom that life gives us. There is no other reality."





Painting by V. Neiiendam, 1926

STEEN STEENSEN BLICHER

Steen Steensen Blicher

By HANS BRIX

IF A hundred years ago one had taken a bird's eye view of the Danish mainland, Jutland, it would have divided itself into three stripes of color running north to south, a white, a green, and a brown stripe. The stripe of white sand along the North Sea, the green stripe of forests and fields along the Kattegat, and between them the stripe of brown heather right down through the midmost and highest part of the peninsula. A hundred years ago the vast heaths in the interior of Jutland seemed to the inhabitants of Copenhagen an exceedingly remote and wild place. Indeed, they were more familiar with foreign countries than with these sparsely peopled and not very fertile regions. But the inhabitants themselves loved the country for its peculiarity. They were a vigorous and original race. Squires, clergymen, and peasants were masters of the land and lived the life of their forefathers. Gypsies and other vagrants roamed from town to town like the fox and the hare over the heath.

In the heart of this Jutland, in a poor heath district, the poet Steen Steensen Blicher was born in the year 1782. His father was rector of Vium. His early years were spent partly at his father's rectory and partly on a small estate belonging to his maternal great-uncle. He graduated from a grammar school in Jutland, going thence to



A WING OF THE PARSONAGE AT VIUM WHERE BLICHER WAS
BORN, 1782

Copenhagen where he spent several years preparing himself to enter the Church. It was at this time that his poetical genius awoke. However, he soon returned to Jutland, remaining there for the rest of his life, first as a assistant teacher at a grammar school in a country town, next as a farmer, leasing the glebe of his father's benefice.

Finally he himself became a clergyman in a poor heath district, later on in a better living in the green stripe of the country. He died in 1848.

Steen Blicher's poetical powers developed slowly. His was not that sweet spontaneous gift of song which in any country and at all times easily procures fame and favor for its owner. His lyrical vein had none of the happy ring of youth, it was by nature somewhat harsh and unadorned. Hence it became his lot to live at close grips with a humble and simple everyday existence and accept the homely conditions it offered him. This lot was hard enough for a poet, but it gave his genius the development it needed.

His marriage decisively influenced his fate. Of this the following particulars are known. A wealthy old uncle of his had fallen in love with one of his candidates for confirmation and married her, though she was only a girl of sixteen. When he died, shortly after, she was left a wealthy widow of seventeen with a baby boy. She was a spirited, lively, worldly-minded person and soon received plenty of offers. She chose her late husband's nephew, Steen Blicher. Their marriage was blessed with numerous offspring. And as the number of their children increased, their fortune shrank. After a few years it had entirely disappeared, and for the rest of his life the poet was very badly off, at times even miserably poor.

At the same time relations between himself and his wife were marked by a profound lack of mutual understanding. The disparity manifested itself even in externals. Mrs. Ernestine, it is on record, was a particular and precise woman with a passion for cleanliness. Her husband, the rector, was exactly the opposite and distinctly untidy. When he, who was a mighty hunter, returned from his excursions on the heath, his exterior by no means corresponded to the ideals

of his wife. At one time he is said to have held the opinion that it was injurious to health to wash oneself, and displayed a conspicuous abstinence in the use of clean water.

On the other hand liquids of a stronger sort had gradually acquired considerable attraction for him. In those days the honest farmers of Jutland drank hard and deep, and Blicher willingly followed suit. A crisis came when, as he told a friend, and as we have certain evidence from other sources, he caught his wife in open adultery one winter day in 1828. As a result of this catastrophe his wife had to leave home for some time. But after half a year she was forgiven by her husband and returned. It is on record that half the town helped to drive her out, the other half to bring her back. So people must have found some excuse for her sin.



STEEN STEENSEN BLICHER

From a Lithograph by E. Barentzen

This event, it will be easily understood, long rankled in Blicher's mind. The humor which was the brightest and happiest part of his nature was in the course of time strongly overshadowed by the troubles that perpetually persecuted him. The man had a certain innate tendency to get mixed up in difficulties and quarrels, both in affairs connected with his office and in other public matters. This gave rise to not a few sharp controversies. Further, his children brought a great deal of trouble upon him. They were half a score in number and had some difficulty in making their way in the world, so for many years they were an encumbrance to him. He took no special interest or pleasure in the duties of his office. In short, the whole of his poor existence was overshadowed by such sombreness and gloom that one would have sworn even the most pronounced poetical powers must have perished in this pestering and desolating misery.

But the very opposite happened. In all his desolation and spiritual

loneliness, unappreciated, overlooked, and slighted, a poetical fire burned in his soul which drew nourishment from his daily distress, and which the bleak winds that passed over him fanned into a blaze.

It was not until Steen Blicher had reached the age of forty, when he had drained life's cup to the dregs and resigned himself to what it offered, that he began to write that series of stories in which his genius, his narrative power, and his simple but thorough knowledge of humanity bore their fullest fruits.

In 1824 the poet had his first story printed in a monthly magazine. It was *En Landsbydegns Dagbog* (*Diary of a Rural Parish Clerk*). It had been Steen Blicher's youthful ambition to write a tragedy. He had not been successful. Now, however, he wrote in the tersest form and with wonderful force a story of the universal tragedy of mankind, of how the purity and beauty of woman may be dishonored, and the young man's hope and gaiety perish in the merciless game of life. In the quite brief entries of a diary the fate of two people is sifted to the bottom. This diary is stated to have been kept by the chief character from the time when he was a bright, innocent lad until his last years as a lonely old man on the heath of Jutland. Each entry reflects an element of life. The innocent thought of the boy, the vain hope of the youth, a glimpse of unspeakable happiness followed by the shattering of the dream of his life when his beloved is dishonored, then the long bitter years until life draws to a close: all this simple ecclesiastical wisdom is with rare artistic power expressed in the few pages which this fictitious diary comprises.

With this story Steen Blicher had found his proper form, and he had his material ready to hand, or he drew it constantly from his surroundings and experience. In his daily life he had gained a thorough knowledge of a limited but typical world. Within this he recognized, in primitive, distinctive form, the fundamental facts and circumstances of human life. And he had a rare power of observing and reproducing both the externals of human conduct and the play of human passions from the brightest brightness to pitchdark night. True, Blicher might fall into the deplorable way of writing romantic tales with too highly colored pictures of virtue and vice, of well-born refinement and vicious baseness. He then left the solid ground on which he could walk securely and repeated his youthful attempts to soar to poetic heights. As a rule, however, he had his safe haunts near the earth, and as the years passed, he grew more and more inclined to narrate very simply from life, presenting it in an apparently quite uncolored and sober narrative. And so great was his artistic power that he often gained his happiest effects in this unadorned form. We will give an instance.

Thus, in one of his most masterly stories, *Hosekræmmeren*, he describes himself, the parson Blicher, wandering through the barren

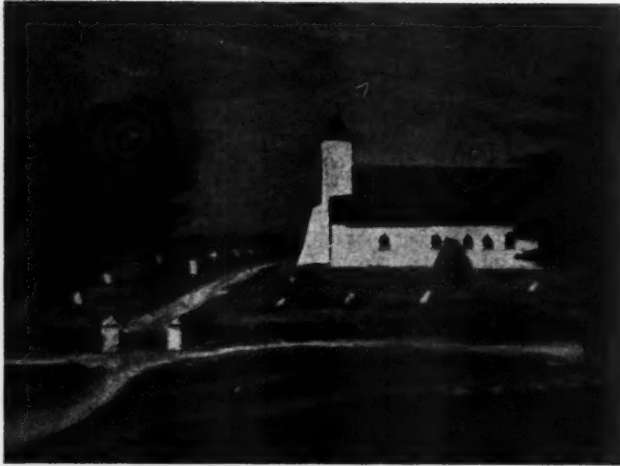
fields to a remote farm on the heath. In the humble dwelling he finds a well-to-do couple—Jutland farmers often made much money by their household knitting. They have a beautiful daughter, and a handsome young suitor appears on the scene, but is summarily rejected on account of his poverty, though the girl loves him.

Blicher learns no more of the course of events before he leaves the peasant. However, when he returns some years later to the same place, the charming little idyl has been changed into an appalling, sanguinary tragedy. Her love trouble has turned the girl's brain, and in her madness she has cut the throat of her lover while he slept. The girl's father has died with grief, only her mother remains the same as before and tells Blicher the sad tale.

All this cruel story is told in the simple unpretentious jargon of the common people, and deeply and strangely stirs the reader, its violent events and deep emotions being cast into strong relief by the hushed and subdued tone of the language.

In *Juleferierne* (*The Christmas Holidays*) the poet has given us a picture of all the merry bustle of Christmas at a small manor in Jutland. Grotesque and distinguished people meet, there is jollification night and day, and through all this gay din sounds the delicate music from noble souls whose chords vibrate under the contrast between long-lasting sadness and youthful love. The events are fictitious, but the people among whom they take place had by Blicher been searched to their very souls.

When the poet had come through his unfortunate experience with his wife, he cast about in his mind for the memory of a similar event. Then some old reminiscence from the first years of his married life cropped up, from the time when he lived in the country town of Randers. And so, in the story *Sildig Opvaagnen* (*Late Awakening*), he tells the deeply stirring tale of a woman—a doctor's young wife—who behind a gentle and self-possessed exterior conceals a vicious soul, only finding the full pleasure of life in the secret enjoyment of what is forbidden. Within the small intimate circle in which she lives she selects for her victim a young married man, an officer, whom she gets into her toils by stratagem. When the intrigue is discovered, her good husband has to pay with his life. All her entourage is buried with grief and mourning. But—says Blicher—"her I have lately seen, she is now not much under fifty, but she is almost unaltered, enjoys the most blooming health and an always equable, always undisturbed cheerfulness. The darkest days of my life were to me the two when I had to administer the sacrament to her. In my communion sermon I have sometimes tried to awaken her conscience, but there was nothing there to awaken. If she should happen upon these pages, I am quite sure she would be able to read them without dropping a stitch or making one mistake in her needlework."



THE CHURCH IN TORNING WHERE BLICHER WAS PASTOR
FROM 1819 TO 1825

So closely does the poet approach reality in his narrative. And this tremendously accurate analysis of a female sphinx, of the depraved Eve, will be recognized as strikingly true the whole world over. It is a type that is seen everywhere and comprehended nowhere. Steen Blicher has printed her Medusa-like features in imperishable form.

To such a judge of character no human material was too mean to furnish a subject. Those in high place are rare guests in his tales. If, however, on the barren heath he met with the kind of people whom society refuses to acknowledge as its own and everybody despises, and he saw faithfulness and love blooming in their midst, then his soul was warmed, and while in *Keltringliv* (*Gypsy Life*) he wrote the story of their fate, his mind turned wistfully to the joyless parsonage that was his home, and he filled his tales with the dream of a blissful nomadic life, a hunter's paradise in the brown desert.

In Steen Blicher's latest years strong political and national movements swept over the country. His mind, always prone to enthusiasm, eagerly embraced the new ideas, but his hard fate grudged him part and parcel in this spiritual renewal. Where he approached them with open arms, the leaders cautiously drew back. This shabbily clothed clergyman with his regrettable habits and his awful crowd of children was not a fine enough gentleman for them. In the grief we feel on behalf of the ignored poet it is some relief to understand that he did not himself notice the coldness and embarrassment with which he was met. And always equally excellent and fresh in spite of adversity and disgrace was his rich gift of narrative. In these unspeakably dreary years he produced, in the dialect of his birthplace, an excellent collection of tales and poems, just as characteristic in their naïve humanity as Robert Burns' Scotch poems which were highly valued by Blicher. Scotland was, indeed, the part of the world to which he likened his native soil. True, Jutland had no mountains, but there was a similar raciness and freeness of people and scenery on this as on the other side of the North Sea.

Before his death it was Blicher's additional sad lot to be dismissed

from his office as a clergyman. No doubt he did not fill it satisfactorily any longer. We need not think, however, that his broken spirit was capable of any feeling of humiliation in his last days. His life-work was accomplished, and he himself a fit subject for the grave.

In intellectually advanced circles his stories had, during the last years of his life, begun to excite attention, but in his days on earth he never attained the full honor merited by his work.

Ernestine, his companion through life, who after her husband's death was left a widow in the most straitened circumstances, now and then had visits from people concerning his literary works on which she had hardly bestowed a thought during his life. New editions of the stories were wanted, and she was offered royalties. Gradually she grew fairly well off. How she must have wondered thus to receive a message from beyond the grave from her scapegoat of a husband! And it happened that whilst the previously honored and highly esteemed names of other poets were consigned to oblivion, the poor man's star continued quite strangely to rise. Edition after edition of the stories appeared. Towards the close of the nineteenth century a new spirit had replaced the old one, but Steen Blicher made the transition into the new century. And to this day his work is loved and admired more than ever. Monuments in his honor have been erected in his native place. His name is mentioned among the best in Denmark, and he is the highly honored poet of his beloved Jutland.

Was the fate allotted to this man a sad or a happy one? This may be a matter for dispute. It is beyond doubt, however, that in all its simplicity it was just as unusual and deeply human as one of his own masterly stories.



BLICHER'S GRAVE IN THE GRAVEYARD AT SPENTRUP, WHERE HE WAS PASTOR IN HIS LATER YEARS, AND WHERE HE DIED, 1848

Gypsy Life

By STEEN STEENSEN BLICHER

Translated from the Danish by HENRY COMMAGER

IT WAS a sultry day. A strong southeast wind swept down upon us in waves of heat—a veritable sirocco. Above the horizon pale red thunder clouds were gathering in east and west. They resembled a row of distant snow-capped mountains whose peaks are lighted up by the sun, separated by deep sunless valleys. After a time one cloud after another lost its sharp outline, thinned out and spread over the sky in light, tenuous streaks—a sign that the artillery of the heavens was about to thunder. But its rumbling was drowned out in the howling of the winds, and the gleams of lightning were merged in the golden canopy of the sunset.

I trudged along between both fire-spewing batteries. I was propelled by thirst, and despite the oppressive heat, I hurried rapidly on to a bog which I was sure was to be found in the general direction I was pursuing. Just how far away it was I had no way of knowing, since on the flat stretch of heath there were nowhere any elevated objects which might be used as guides, and even had there been any such, the vibrations of the opaque air would have confused me and made them quite indistinct.

Finally I caught sight of the top of some willow bushes and a light green strip in the heather. My dog, even more faint from thirst than myself, sniffed the air and rushed ahead of me, and I could but envy him his head start. Unluckily without cause, for I soon saw him scraping the ground, and realized that the bog was dried up. Nevertheless, I went over to see for myself, and discovered that the worst was true. There we both stood, disappointed in our ardent anticipations. Discouraged, I threw myself on the ground, but my poor companion whined and panted and energetically scratched the withered grass to one side so that he might press his heaving chest against the cool, damp earth.

Pity us not, sympathetic reader. I knew a man, once, a darling of fate and a pet of fortune and of man, who boasted that never in his life had he known real hunger or thirst. Pity him! The poor devil did not know how water tastes, nor how it feels, exhausted by exertion, reeling with heat and consumed by thirst, to hurl oneself into the cool and soothing embrace of the waves. This was the pleasure which awaited me just a short mile from the dried-up bog, where I knew I would find a lake, bordered with heather and sweet willow.

Revived now to new exertions, and with an indescribably delightful tingling in all of my nerves, I sat just a little above the lake, on the windy side of a mound—the only one in the region as far as the eye could reach. My dog lay at my side, sharing my ambrosial

biscuits, bread and cheese, when suddenly an animated object attracted his attention. He lifted his head in the air, pricked up his ears, drew his eyebrows together, growled and gave a few little yaps. I turned around and saw an object approach which might well astonish both man and dog. It was nothing less than an amphibious creature, a hermaphrodite, an enormously tall Holofernes with skirts—an apparition, then, man above, woman below. The figure walked toward me with a pike in each hand, and my forefinger curved instinctively around the trigger of my gun. But I soon discovered that the pikes were nothing but sticks, and further, that the dread object was possessed of two heads, four arms, four sticks and four legs, that it was, in short, a man carried by a woman. Close behind trudged a scarcely half-grown boy. The path led around the mound on the opposite side, but as the approaching party had the sun directly in their eyes, they were unable to see me. My dog remained silent, whether out of fear or out of astonishment, I do not know.

A man who, figuratively, bears his burdens patiently throughout life, or who carries his wife lovingly upon his hands is no great rarity, but a woman load-bearer, in the literal sense, a woman who bears a man upon her back, I had never known before. The story of the "Women of Weinsberg" had always seemed somewhat suspicious to me, but that episode was "far away and long ago." In any event, it was but a short walk, and then it was all over with—and "*einmahl ist keinmahl*." Furthermore, these notorious women were inspired at once by the fear of widowhood, and by the desire to make an impression on the enemy officers. Here on the great barren heath there must be other reasons. The first one, I discovered, was that the man had lost both of his feet.

When the little company had reached a likely position just in front of the mound, it made a halt. The woman stooped down, sloped her back, and carefully unloaded her burden. Then she stretched for a few minutes, caught her breath, and laid herself down between the man and the urchin. The latter placed a small bag in her lap, and from it she took some food. They ate in silence. As soon as this homely meal was ended, there was a short conversation, of which I caught only a few words here and there, for it was carried on in a language which, by such words as *Jup*, *Brall*, *Pukkasch*, I soon recognized as the so-called Romany. Within a few minutes the subject was evidently exhausted, for all three laid themselves to sleep.

I arose and walked around to the other side of the mound in order to get a good view of the sleeping group. The man, outside the fact that he was minus feet, had quite a well-shaped figure, with an open, tanned face, and he appeared to be in his prime. The woman was much darker in complexion, had large black eyebrows that came

together over a truncated nose, full cheeks, and a rather broad mouth with thick lips through which glistened the most enviable pearl-white teeth imaginable. She was quite stout and stockily built, and looked fully able to carry her man. So much could I see of this remarkable couple, but what indeed have we seen of a person when the shutters to the windows of the soul are closed; the external appearance is to the soul but as the binding to a book.

I had already turned and started to walk away, when the youngster sang out, "*Madrum, padrum!* a hunter, a dog." His mother opened her dark and profoundly sad eyes, slowly sat up, and nodded to me in the manner peculiar to these people when they greet any one. At the same moment the man opened a couple of large light blue eyes, merry and mischievous, and took off his hat, but he continued to recline in his lazy position.

I always like to speak foreign tongues, not in order to demonstrate my linguistic accomplishments, but because there is a peculiar pleasure in becoming acquainted with foreigners which is lost when we are forced to regard them all as deaf-mutes. The magic words loosen the tongue, open up the treasury of the spirit, and give life to the interchange of thought in which there is a mutual benefit. And then, too, there is the glad astonishment when a traveller, who is laboriously groping his way in a strange language, finds he can talk to some one in his mother tongue: then, indeed, thoughts take wings, words become alive, and tumble out in an unbroken stream. The stranger feels at home, once more among his own people and among friends.

But it was hardly for any of these excellent reasons, but rather without any special reason, as so frequently in our words and deeds, that I decided not to hide my linguistic light under a bushel.

I nodded to my Arabs, with a "Good-day, folks."

A quick smile lighted up the Asiatic face of the woman; but the man raised his body, supporting himself with the palms of both hands, and looked suspiciously first at me and then at the woman.

"Is he your lover?" I continued.

"*Sibe, sibe*" (Yes, yes), he answered hurriedly, and glanced at her in a most friendly fashion.

"It must be hard for you to carry him, isn't it?" I asked.

"*Nobes*" (No), she replied shortly, and slashed with her stick in the heather.

I reached into my pocket, threw a few pence to the boy—for which his father thanked me most politely—said goodbye, and was on my way.

It was not until I had gone some distance that I regretted that I had not questioned these people more closely. But that is always the way in this life—the nearer we are to the unusual, the remarkable, the less interest it awakens in us. A man can live ten years on Möen

without ever seeing the chalk cliffs, but he will travel to Switzerland to see the Schreckhorn and the Staubbach. Another has twice been to see the falls of the Rhine, but though every day he can hear the North Sea pounding in its wild fury on the surf of the West coast, he has never seen it. When I visited Rosenborg palace, it was in the company of four Copenhageners, and all five of us entered the place for the first time. And he who has time and money likes to slip off to Norwood or to Siebenbürgen to see the Gypsy camps, but our Danish gypsies can pass him daily without so much as a sign of recognition.

How impressive was not that little caravan! What tender sacrifice, what infinite devotion, what lofty heroism, shone forth in this woman's love for the helpless cripple whom she carried upon her shoulders—God alone knows how far and for how long. How powerful was not that invisible bond that had united these two creatures, the unfettered children of the desert and of nature. And yet—it was all contrary to nature, for it is ever the tendril that twines itself lovingly around the elm, the frail woman that finds protection in the arms of man.

Thinking thus, I turned around and began to retrace my steps in order to make good my earlier negligence and to become better acquainted with this wonderful couple and their unquestionably remarkable history. I went over one-fourth of the way back to the mound before I discovered that the little caravan had already disappeared. As far as my eye could reach, there was no living object to be seen.

Evening was already upon me, and I had to think about the night. The town where I had planned to spend the night was over six miles away, and in all that stretch there was, so far as I knew, no human shelter.

"A southeast wind and a woman's anger are apt to end in water," says the Jutlander. This is, to be sure, not always true, but for once it was verified for me in a most unforgettable manner.

The wind had died down, but the low hanging, threatening clouds were driving across the heavens. The rumble of thunder came nearer and nearer and flashes of jagged lightning cut across the sky in the distance. I realized that I should not be able to escape the storm, and resigned myself to a drenching, but I knew, too, that I should have the thrill of witnessing the most impressive natural spectacle that is to be seen in our country.

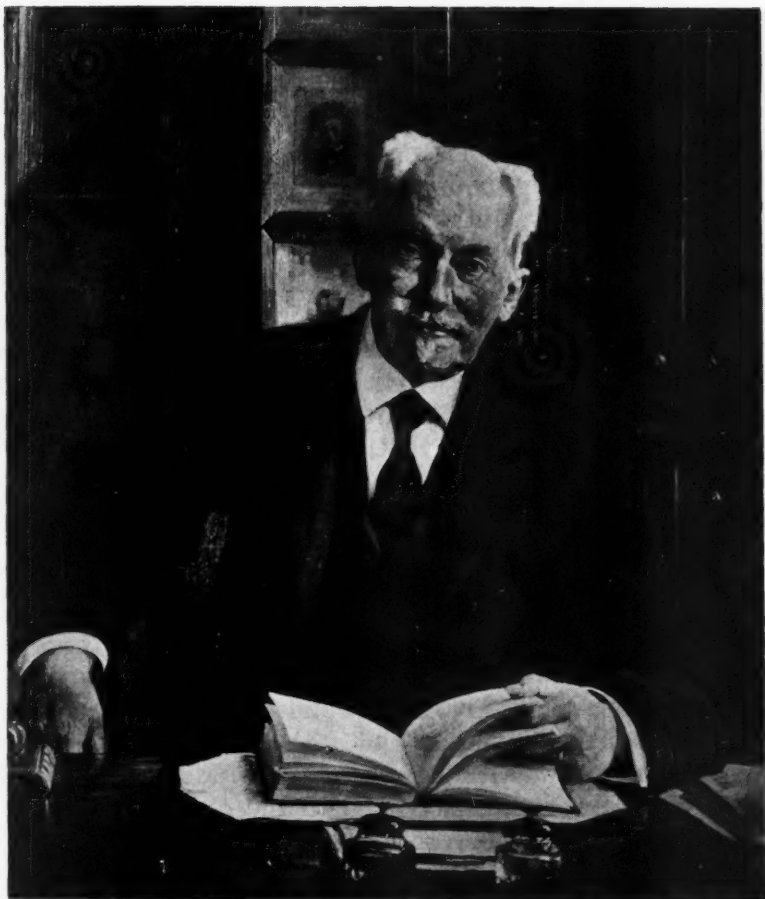
"Heath, Night, Storm and Tempest"—such is the stage upon which Lear's madness rages, more furiously than ever the elements. Here I had the same setting, the same decorations, the same appropriate stage machinery, and—I was alone.

Unconfined, unbridled, my imagination might take flight and ride

on the wings of the storm and the bolts of the thunder. Fear not, staid reader, I shall not jar you out of the measured tenor of your even way. Not this time shall I burden you with a description of what I thought and felt, for some of it is of so precious a nature that I want to keep it for myself alone, and some of it I could not convey to you even if I wanted to. But if this story should by chance come into the hands of one who has braved a drenching in order to witness a thunder storm on the heath, he will understand what I mean. Others must be satisfied with what I saw and heard.

Evening fell, and then night. The storm was all about me and over me. Thor's chariot rumbled, sparks of fire flew from its wheels, and the hoofs of his horses clattered up and down the hills and valleys of the clouds, while rain and hail poured down in cascades. From time to time the pitch blackness of the night was illumined by dazzling lightning; one moment I staggered in a darkness so thick it could be seen and felt, another moment, and the heath lay stretched before me in an uncertain light, and for a quick instant the jagged curtain of the heavens was rent asunder. Only Macbeth's witches were needed to make the scene perfect.

In Blicher's *Gypsy Life* the extract printed here is preceded by a short introduction—a plea, in fact, for the gypsies—and followed by an account of the author's further adventures. In the midst of the storm, on the wildest heath, he suddenly sees a light and hears dance music. Soon he comes upon a low hut built of peat, and looking in through the window he sees the gypsy giantess of the afternoon encounter whirling about in a mad dance in the dim light of tallow dips. Her partner in the dance is a man whom Blicher has formerly engaged to teach him the gypsy language, and from this man he learns the story of the strange couple. The narrator and "Peter Footless," both born on the Danish heath, had together set out to see the world, and had come as far as the Danube. While strolling through a forest, they and some gypsy companions suddenly found themselves in the midst of a great battle. The girl Linka had been injured and abandoned by her troupe, but Peter took her on his back and carried her until she was able to walk. The two young men were forced into the army. When Peter had both feet shot off, he was "retired without a pension," and Linka then took him on her back and carried him from Austria to Denmark, supporting him and their child by begging, dancing, and telling fortunes. Musing on this strange story, Blicher wonders what "Gypsy Linka's" origin may have been. "Perhaps she was a Hungarian countess or baroness. Her cradle perhaps stood in golden halls—her grave will be in the corner of a Jutland country churchyard. But her faithful love is perhaps inscribed there where imperial palaces and peat huts stand side by side."



TROELS FREDERIK TROELS-LUND, BORN 1840, DIED 1921
Painting by Knud Larsen, 1910, in the National Museum at Frederiksborg

Troels Frederik Troels-Lund

By SIGNE TOKSVIG

"Troels-Lund was the pioneer of the remarkable generation of young historians that came forward in Northern Europe about 1880 and he remained the most original and conspicuous of them."

—EDMUND GOSSE in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

IT HAPPENS once in a while that an Englishman or an American—the French are more circumspect—openly congratulates one on having escaped from the narrow confines of an unknown language like the Danish, as if from a desert island into the big world. There is something in it, which most Danes realize to the extent of learning one or two languages beside their own, thus getting ahead of the people who know only English and French, poor things. They

can't read Troels-Lund's *Dagligt Liv i Norden i det 16de Aarhundrede*.

Allowing for the fact of being still under the spell of having re-read it, I am not afraid to say that this work, *Daily Life in the North in the 16th Century*, is an experience so rich, so varied and stimulating, that it alone would justify the world citizen in going to our little island of a language, even if it contained no other untranslated greatnesses—Sören Kirkegaard for one of them.

There have been other histories of manners and customs, always interesting curiosity-shops, but Troels-Lund does in a manner peculiar to himself blow the breath of life into his account of the sixteenth century. He writes about houses, tables, chairs, clothes, food, drink, family festivities, but it is not a catalogue of things and facts, it is the subtlest and most sympathetic translation of the frames of mind that caused these facts. Whoever will follow this guide will feel that he has been for an actual voyage in those times, not only in Denmark, but in Norway, Sweden, England, and Germany; for they all hung together, influencing each other and reacting more or less alike to the great waves of Renaissance and Reformation that then rolled up to and over the far North. With Troels-Lund we live through that surging century, as if we ourselves had sat at their groaning tables and lain under them afterward in an honest drunk; had disappeared in mountainy feather-beds, naked but with a prudent night-cap; had triumphed because now with the new linen-hose we could change them every six weeks, instead of as with the old leather ones every year and a half. We too shiver before ghosts and devils, and our hearts are torn between the new and the old, the transition from Catholicism to Lutheranism.

No detail is too humble to be bathed in his easy good humor, no anguish or joy of soul too impalpable to be sympathetically interpreted by him. He captures his reader so completely that one cannot help wondering what is the inner secret of his power. There is an answer: he himself was held by his work in a deep and intimate sense. It was his contribution to Denmark's renaissance after its mutilation by Germany in 1864. He himself explains it:

"Do you know the feeling of walking into your home, weary, troubled, depressed? You may meet no one there, but the very sight of the accustomed surroundings has a soothing effect. Though silent and still, these objects speak; smile uncomprehendingly and yet secretly as if they knew a better explanation. Softly they sing the mind to rest. A gleam of light, a familiar scent, and your thoughts go gently wandering to "do you remember that," and "do you remember how once," while Time itself ceases, and the Now embraces all, right down to the moment you yourself as child stopped in your play in a similar room and wonderingly gazed at a path of the sun as

bright as this one. And, before you suspect it, the weariness is gone, the burden is lighter, courage and strength have returned."

He came into his own home, crushed by Denmark's misfortune, brooding over what his life work ought to be, and so, comforted by familiar things, he thought that a whole people might in the same way be comforted. "By the sight of simple, every-day things a flock of memories could be awakened which would shed both force and forgetfulness in the weary minds. Those binding threads which the Present spins forever in the same direction, the contemporary direction, could surely be strengthened and woven into firmer stuff by threads going the other way, living memories connecting the present with the far past."

Filled with this inspiration he gave himself to his work, summing up his intention in the simple words, "To try to find out how the great riddle we call life appeared to the human beings of that period." And if, through reading his books, one involuntarily feels that one has *been* in the sixteenth century, has made a voyage to lands lost in Time, it is partly because Troels-Lund had himself exactly that idea. He tells us that we must behave like good travellers, try first to get all the information we can get by hearsay about the land and the people, then start out, noting the means of travel, and, when we arrive, try to learn about the people's daily life, their houses, clothes, food. Afterwards we must study the different ways in which the inhabitants express their relation to nature, day and night, the seasons, holidays and weekdays. We must observe what customs govern the great natural events of their lives, the choice of a wife, childbirth. And, having like very good, indeed rather exceptional, travellers taken note of all this, we must try to deduce, on the basis of our observations, what the point of view of these people is about life itself, in the light of what beliefs do they live it? And, finally, we must gain admission to a death-bed, follow one of them to the grave.

This is the plan of the fourteen volumes which make up the work, magnificently illustrated in the last edition, well documented but without a trace of pedantry. If the tourist-in-time may object that matrimony, childbirth, and death are hardly occasions where more than the immediate family are present, his objection is here shown to be void. The sixteenth century not only liked to have a crowd present on each of these occasions, it insisted on having a multitude, partly as insurance that all was well and lawfully done. The volumes on marriage are perhaps the most remarkable of them all. It is almost incredible that any one should have had the courage to embark on so gigantic a task as a properly conducted wedding, with its forest of preliminary ceremonies, its far-branching complications of relatives and friends, and its final, hair-raising climax of undressing and bedding the bride and groom in front of the assembled guests, guests

who had drunk superhumanly and whose voices must have wavered a bit as they sang the obligatory hymns relating to many olive-branches, and cracked the even more obligatory jokes on the same topic.

But, far from making this merely improper and outrageous to our—dawning—sense of privacy, Troels-Lund shows its long roots in the family system of the past and its little top leaves in the present. In taking us through the sixteenth century he is really showing us one of our former homes, full of furniture inherited from still older homes and with a good many bits to be inherited by us.

To choose from the wealth of his companionship is embarrassing. He has no dry topics, no sandy places. His quizzical, poetic imagination enlivens every fact his scholarship discovers. He has said himself that he would grieve over every word which might separate him from the understanding of a simple man, and he writes sincerely with that in mind, gathering his natural, brilliant similes from daily life, from humorous, terse, colloquial speech, without ever slipping into vulgarity or affectation. What is better than calling a cock "The winged clock of the house," or how could he more vividly sum up the evolution of furniture from being attached to walls and floors than in the following:

"The closed alcove separated itself away as a four-poster on legs. The bench by the wall, with its covered places to keep things in and to sit on, was liberated bit by bit, first as chests, later as chairs. The last piece of bench became the sofa of the eighteenth century. Well before this the movement had affected the table, loosening first the top and letting the legs follow. It was as if life stirred in everything made of wood. While the bench continued to develop into chests, some of these seemed to rise on their hindlegs and become cupboards, then the species crossed and cupboards with table-drawers arose, larger and smaller chests of drawers. And in the meantime the panelled walls shrank down or scaled off in the form of folding-screens."

Or a description of the poor unfortunate who had to venture out on a November night in a town where lighting was unknown and shutters carefully barred the windows:

"Particular knowledge was needed not to run into sheds or pent-houses, stray into vacant spaces or land in an open cellar. Every step had to be fraught with a prudent enterprise ready alike to raise the foot to the top of a heap or plunge it to the depth of a puddle or withdraw it quickly from a startled, snarling dog. Even so, one might manage if one were alone, but unfortunately one had to cruise past others, always a ticklish matter but positively dangerous in certain places, notably in the neighborhood of the town's liquor-shops where many a navigator drifted with wavering compass, swinging a

naked sword or pricking his way along with a felled lance."

In many graphic instances he re-creates the exuberant, child-like, violent psychology of the time; quotes a law that was passed prohibiting the music from starting to play until after the wedding banquet was over, because otherwise the young women who sat on the benches by the wall would, and did, leap over the table to be first in the dance, thus greatly upsetting the old ladies or doing harm to themselves if they happened to be in a delicate condition. Or how at a big public show given by the students in Copenhagen, where Israel was supposed to be fighting the Philistines, and the Lord's Chosen were getting the worst of it, the spectators, even the old and noble councillors of the king leaped over the barrier to lend a hand, and a good time was had by all.

But aside from displaying the gorgeous and the obstreperous in the sixteenth century, Troels-Lund subtly and gently analyzes their souls, never patronizing, never condemning, though he shudders at the torture used against the defenseless creatures burned as witches. He understands and makes his reader understand why the fear of the devil became so overwhelming, so all-conquering; and why the joyful, positive faith in a personal relation between God and man, a faith that had "risen like a lark" and was the bright side of Lutheranism, had this dark and cruelty-engendering side, dread of the devil. He explains also how the old belief in the immutable rule of the stars rose again, combating the mad horror men felt at the idea that a wilful and ever-present demon could at any moment interfere with their lives. In fact, he writes a whole book to interpret the way in which those generations regarded "the riddle called life," and this part of his work could well stand by itself as a history of man's religious impulses from the time when he cowered in the world as if in a dark room; through the Middle Ages when the room grew larger and lighter, but continued to have a fixed floor, wall, and heavenly roof; through the Renaissance with a much greater world but still a finite one, run like an ingenious clock-work; up to the present when the man who looks up must learn to face the dizzying infinite, the lonely unknowable.

Between this cosmic outlook and the humble sagas of tables and chairs, shirts and hose, is the richly colored range of this historian of daily life. In what he has written there is not a false or a pretentious note. There is rare poetry, humor, and wisdom. To read Troels-Lund is not only to learn about ourselves in our ancestors, it is to come in contact with a fresh and lovable personality, a man who ought to belong to what we, still in sixteenth century naïveté, call "the whole world."

Romances of Swedish Queens:

Ulrika Eleonora, the Gentle

By CARL GRIMBERG

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY years ago Swedes and Danes fought in Lund, the university city of southern Sweden, the bloodiest battle ever waged on Swedish soil. With the resolution to conquer or to die, the young Swedish king Charles XI had gone into a conflict which resulted in victory and ended the war. Peace was cemented by the marriage of Charles XI and the Danish king's sister, Ulrika Eleonora. Four years earlier she had promised the Swedish king her hand. When war broke out between the two countries, her brother, the Danish king Christian V, and other relatives tried to prevail on her to break the engagement; but her heart had been given to the Swedish prince once and for all time. It is true, she had not seen him, but all that she had heard about the young man's courage and uprightness, his honest unaffected nature and religious feeling, had attracted her to him. He had become the hero of her maiden's dreams, the king of her heart, and she would not give him up, even though she could not get any letters from him. It was whispered in her ears that Charles himself had changed his mind and was paying court elsewhere, but she paid no attention to the rumor. Meanwhile she was sought by the emperor and other potentates, but steadfastly refused them.

She had fallen on evil times, which tried the people of both countries. The little Danish princess went through an agonizing season of uncertain waiting, during which she could dull her pain only by trying to alleviate the sufferings caused by the war. The Swedish prisoners of war were her especial concern, and when she had no money to help them she pawned her jewels. At last even her engagement ring was sacrificed.

Finally, in 1679, peace was declared, and a Swedish delegation was sent to Copenhagen to escort Princess Ulrika Eleonora to her bridegroom, King Charles of Sweden. Deeply she felt that she was coming to a country upon which her own people had inflicted cruel wounds, and she wished to do all in her power to heal them.

Amid prayers to God that she might win the love of her subjects, she made the trip over Öresund to her new homeland. But cold was the heart of the first new relative she met, the proud and imperious woman who was to become her mother-in-law. Charles XI's mother, Hedvig Eleonora, belonged to a German family of princes who from time immemorial had been hostile toward Denmark; and those hostile feelings were to cause much suffering for the young queen of Sweden.

Nor was it a lavish fiancé whom Ulrika Eleonora went to meet.



ULRIKA ELEONORA

From a Contemporary Etching for a Memorial Plate

After all the suffering inflicted on the Swedish people by the war, King Charles did not wish to burden his subjects with expenses for his betrothal; he wished to make it as simple as possible. Besides, his whole personality was such that pomp and ceremony went against him. He did not wish to throw away big sums by celebrating his wedding in the capital, where it would be absolutely necessary to appear in great splendor and entertain many exalted personages. Instead

he had decided that the nuptials should take place in the first town of any importance which the princess would reach on her journey to Stockholm, namely in Halmstad. Not even the nearest family of the queen was to be invited, nor, as was customary, the foreign ambassadors. In vain the Council of the Realm "expatiated and remonstrated" to convince the king that his wedding ought to be celebrated in the capital. Charles replied ungraciously that he could not remember asking the Council for advice in this matter, which was his own private concern. "Not without consternation" the Council received this reply. But there was nothing to be done about it.

But one who was not so easy to be put off was the French ambassador. He had made up his mind to be present at the wedding, even against the will of the royal bridegroom. He had, in fact, the solemn command of his king to do all in his power to represent France at the festivity and thereby show the supremacy of the will of Louis XIV in all lands.

When Charles reached Halmstad, he found the importunate ambassador there. What was now to be done?

The king received him with the greatest kindness, and everything looked promising for the success of Louis XIV's plan.

But suddenly the king had disappeared from Halmstad, before Ulrika Eleonora's arrival. Accompanied by only three people, he had ridden forth to meet her at Skottorp manor, a couple of miles south of the city; and there he hastily celebrated his nuptials in the presence of only a few of his most intimate friends. He even placed a strong guard at a bridge which must be crossed on the way thither, with unconditional orders not to let any one pass.

The gentle Ulrika Eleonora was soon just as beloved in her new homeland as she had been in Denmark. Her fountain of joy was not in court festivities and pleasures but in the quiet and tranquil exercise of charity. She thought of every one except herself. In a delicate way, through gifts in secret, she carried on a significant work of charity, particularly among the impoverished who had seen better days. Parsimonious Charles XI gave his wife the considerable allowance of 2,000 crowns a month in coin, but this amount seems to have been insufficient. At intervals she pawned her jewels to get money for those whom she wished to help. Impressive is the list still preserved of her protégés, men and women, from the foremost families of the realm who had become impoverished, down to "crippled warriors and poor wives." While Charles XI carried on his famous "Reduction" which split up the big estates for the benefit of the common people and of the realm as a whole, his gentle spouse cared for the nobles who by the king's policy were sometimes brought to beggary. It is even supposed that the large sums listed in her accounts as "playing debts"—so out of keeping with her character—were really



CHARLES XI

masked charities. Her mother-in-law, the dowager queen Hedvig Eleonora, initiated her into card-playing, and it is thought that Ulrika Eleonora took this way of secretly helping needy gentlewomen.

In the summer of 1681 the union of Charles and Ulrika Eleonora was blessed with a daughter. A year later saw the birth of Charles, the future hero king of the Swedes. The two following years brought the royal family two more sons; but only a year later this joy was changed to sorrow when the two youngest became the victims of an illness in the space of only a few weeks. After the first blow of fate the father, usually so chary of words, expressed his feelings in a letter

to his old friend and comrade in war, Ascheberg, in simple but touching words. "I must," wrote he, "resign myself to the will of God, but never could I have believed that one would take so to heart the loss of a child."

In the fall of the same year the queen bore a fourth son, but the joy at his birth lasted only two weeks. Then he was snatched away by death. Thus, within the space of a half year, three sons of the royal pair had been harvested by death.

Toward the end of 1686 another little prince came to the world. "But this ruddy dawn also became overcast with clouds of sorrow," for at the age of only seven weeks the little one was called to another world.

At New Year's, 1688, Ulrika Eleonora bore her seventh child, a daughter, who was christened to bear her mother's name. She and her oldest sister and brother were the only children of the royal family to reach adult age.

Slender and fragile little Ulrika Eleonora was not strong. Only a few years after her arrival to Sweden it became evident that her health was undermined. It was difficult for her to stand the hard climate, and for long periods she was confined to her bed by fever and a pain in her side. Added to her illness was mental suffering, caused by her mother-in-law's hatred toward all that was Danish. It pained her so that, in the overflow of her bitterness, she called the dowager queen "the evil genius of her marriage." She probably wished to convey with these words the thought that her mother-in-law made the relation between her and her husband more cool than it otherwise would have needed to be. Tokens of affection, however, were contrary to such a nature as Charles XI's, even when he saw how devoted his wife was, and how lovingly she tended him when he too must take to his sickbed.

Early in 1690 it became clear that the queen's illness was serious. Physicians advised a trip to "the warm baths" in Germany, and the king ordered the payment of considerable money for the purpose; but Ulrika Eleonora preferred to save it for the maintenance of the poor. God could very well restore her health, said she, without such a long and difficult journey, if He deemed that it would serve to glorify His name and benefit the realm.

Ulrika Eleonora, however, became more and more frail, and at night she got no rest. "But," we read in an old tale, "she then read godly books and meditations, betwixt pacing the floor back and forth, to tire herself and thus lure on sleep. The ladies who then waited on her have not been able to relate without tears and emotion with what wisdom and mildness Her Majesty delighted them."

The pain in her side had "gradually begun to settle around her heart with an anguish increased by other ailments, so that Her Maj-

esty had to keep to her bed all the winter of 1693." With the arrival of spring her condition seemed to improve; and when, in June, the queen moved out to Karlberg, joy was expressed that the danger had passed. But soon the illness came on again more violently than before, and she must again take to her bed.

Not until now, when the final parting was at hand, were the eyes of the king opened to what his loss would be. Now he felt with bitter self-reproach how he had neglected to sweeten the life of this noble woman; and his love welled forth with might. He sat at her deathbed night and day and received her last petition: that he might be good to the poor and treat his subjects with gentleness.

But when one of the more outspoken ladies of the court had the bad grace to express her surprise at his changed attitude toward his wife, Charles immediately retreated to his shell and answered curtly that "he did not feel a need or make a practice of beating the drum or blowing the trumpet to every one regarding his conduct."

On July 26, 1693, Ulrika Eleonora, the gentle, drew her last breath. Charles was inconsolable. "Here I leave half my heart," said he on parting from his deceased wife. "I believe," writes one lady of the court, "that no royal personage has ever been so mourned and bewailed as Her Majesty. Here there is general weeping and lamentation, and all people are dressed in mourning, so that in the whole city there is hardly another yard of black cloth to be bought."

At the close of the year Charles wrote in his diary: "God comfort me, poor sinner, in my great sorrow and affliction; and grant me, when it pleases His gracious will, a peaceful departure from this burdensome world!"



A New Tree in the Forest

By KARL-ERIK FORSSLUND

Translated from the Swedish by E. G. NASH

"**T**ITT, tittili, tirrillitt!" shouted the snipe as he skimmed low over Sandviken and alighted on a stone on the shore.

"What's the matter?" asked a big pike who was moping in the shallow water.

"Tirrillit, there's a new tree in the forest!" answered the snipe, "and there's another one over there, and one on the other side of the water! They weren't here yesterday. Fancy, they've shot up and got full grown in a single night!"

"What's that to me!" muttered the pike as he flapped his tail and nosed along the shore.

"They haven't grown," explained an old spruce from higher up the bank where there was a whole thicket of pines and spruces rising above the low alders in the sandy shore; "those trees have been planted."

"I believe you're right," said the snipe, "but what manner of trees are they? I've never set eyes on any tree like that one!"

"Nor have I," said a pine, "it has a straight, smooth trunk, almost like mine, but it's got no bark, it looks quite skinned!"

"Yes, absolutely skinned!" exclaimed a second pine, "and it's got no top!" and he shook his dark, shaggy hair.

"A hideous tree!" said the spruce, and stretched his broad, thick branches.

"A regular misery of a tree!" said a squirrel; "it's got no cones, and no one could build a nest in it!"

"But there may be insects in it," said a green woodpecker, and flew up and settled on the queer bare trunk. "Tap, tap . . . no, not a living thing! And do you hear how dead and dull it sounds . . . tap, tap?"

A vole stuck its head up out of a hole in the ground.

"It hasn't any roots!" he said . . . "funny sort of tree, it doesn't belong here . . . it's not growing in the ground. The first storm will blow it away. How'll it get sap to grow with when it's got no roots? Useless thing!"

"But it's got lovely white flowers right at the top," said a lily-of-the-valley, from the foot of the strange tree, "giant white bells, a whole cluster."

Just at that moment a bumble-bee came flying up to the lily.

"Rubbishy flowers!" he buzzed angrily, for he was a youngster. "Scentless, and as hard as stones, and neither nectar nor pollen in 'em! Why, they're already faded! There weren't any gold clappers in those bells as there are in yours, little Maja-Lisa!" And he crept

into a lily flower so that the whole stem trembled and all the tiny bells tinkled. "That's a sort of music those bells can't make!" he hummed.

In the meantime the snipe had flown off across the water, and now returned again.

"Titt, tirillitt!" he called, "why, if there aren't spiders' webs spun between every one of those strange trees . . . look how they glitter!"

"So there are!" said a spider who was sitting in the middle of his silver wheel that was cleverly hung between two juniper bushes, "but what long clumsy threads. They'll break at the least wind. I wonder what sort of a giant spider spun them."

Then a flock of sparrows flew up, and settled on the threads, and they didn't break . . . and a wind sprang up, and the threads swayed and swung, but still they did not break . . . and a big storm passed over, and the strange trees quivered, and the threads swayed harder than ever, but the trees stood fast, and the threads were unhurt.

"That was a lovely swing!" exclaimed one sparrow, "it's fine sitting up here!"

"Up here's still better," said another bird who had settled on the top of one of the new trees. He was a strange bird . . . no one knew him, or even what he was called. He had a queer mark on his breast, a blood-red patch from which radiated little flecks of golden yellow.

"Would you like to know what kind of giant spider spun those threads?" he asked. "I can tell you . . . it was Man! Listen, all of you, and you'll hear sounds in the threads . . . a living voice, not dull or dead. Listen . . . how it vibrates in the strange trees and along the threads! Listen . . . it is the muffled sounds of thousands of notes . . . of thousands of far off voices!"

He stopped, and they all listened in wonder.

"I can tell you what that sound means," he went on, "for I know the speech of men. Listen . . . now it's warm and full . . . I hear a mother's voice far up in the north, and a clear boy's voice in the south."

"Yes," piped a sparrow, "it's warm and beautiful." She understood it, for she had a whole pack of children.

"Listen now! A dark, gloomy clang, like a dead march. That's the news of a death rushing along the threads."

"Horrible!" sighed a pine tree. "It sounds like the dreadful north wind in autumn when it breaks our branches and roots us up!"

"How it moans and weeps!" said a ringed-plover who was standing on a stone in the water.

"Yes, it sorrows," said the stranger, "but listen . . . here's another voice. This sounds as if it rushed over the threads without beginning or end, a constant stream."

"Tjä . . . tjä . . . tjä! I know that voice!" laughed a magpie from a tree-top.

"Jojo!" said the stranger, "it's a couple of old women. They'd never stop at all unless some one took the thread away from them. Hear how they go on!"

"What a terrible chatter," said a silent, serious hare from his place in the brushwood.

"Now they've finished—some one took the threads away from them. Now I hear a harsh, hard voice, an angry voice . . . and another that's humble and anxious and whimpering . . . they're saying something about money."

"Money? What's money?" asked a young lady sparrow.

"Oh . . . a kind of fly, or grain, or some sort of food, I think," answered a young cock-sparrow.

"It's not exactly a food," explained the strange bird, "but it is a kind of fly . . . a Spanish Fly . . . men collect them, they think that these flies draw all sickness and sorrow out of the human body . . . but in reality they draw out the lives and souls of the poor things . . . they poison and destroy them bit by bit. It's a kind of grain, too . . . 'traitor's grain' that grows fast, and whose flowers are envy and hate . . . murder and misery. You can hear for yourselves, those voices have no joyous, kindly ring."

"They sound false and ugly . . . an unclean sound," said a spruce, "such a sound as that never comes from a living, growing tree."

"Now there's another pair of voices. Listen . . . they are upright and clean and true! One belongs to a young man and the other to a girl. They're separated by forests and mountains and long, long miles, and by high walls, but for all that they are talking to one another."

They all listened, and they heard a high, wonderful music; a strong, joyous, triumphant note.

"Kilit, kilit," twittered a sparrow, "how it sings in the threads . . . see how they sway and tremble!"

"I made a mistake," buzzed the bumble-bee, and he flew up into the giant white flowers once more, "these bells can ring. They are regular Canterbury Bells, so finely do they peel."

Then the green woodpecker flew up again, and settled on the strange trunk. "Tap . . . tap," he said. Then he put his ear to the wood and listened. "Wonderful!" Never had he heard such a song in any real tree, either a spruce or a pine.

"No, no!" said the strange bird, "they're more wonderful than spruces or pines, these new trees, for all they're bare and ugly." And he rose into the air and flew across the water towards the town.

"They're ugly trees for all that!" muttered the vole . . . "they've no roots! The owl take me if they don't blow down one fine day!"

But the strange trees still stand . . . and if the owl hasn't taken the vole, he doubtless will one of these days!

CURRENT EVENTS



U · S · A ·

¶ Every passing month, until the Republican national convention can determine who is to be standard bearer of the party in the coming presidential election, makes politics more and more the supreme interest in the United States. With President Coolidge withdrawing himself from the contest, the names of various candidates shed little light on the choice to be made. So far it appears that Secretary Hoover has the unspoken sanction of the administration, but much may happen to change the whole political complex. ¶ Political leaders of both parties are paying some attention to certain expressions made at the Institute of Politics meeting at Williamstown where Henry A. Wallace, of Iowa, editor of the Western farm publication *Wallace's Farmer*, and son of the former secretary of agriculture, declared that conservative farmers in the corn belt felt there was now a place for a new party composed of Western and Southern farmers, co-operating with Eastern laboring men. ¶ Another speaker, George N. Peck, president of the American Council of Agriculture, justified the farmers' grievances, declaring that "the welfare of agriculture is of far more importance than the welfare of any party." ¶ The question of how to regulate immigration from Mexico and Canada is to be pressed at the next session of Congress. The net alien population of the United States was increased through last year's immigration by 284,493. ¶ Delegates at the fiftieth annual meeting of the American Bar Association, assembled at Buffalo, N. Y., were told by Nathan William MacChesney of the Chicago bar that the influence of the American bar on public opinion was waning, and that this was due partly to social conditions not peculiar to the

legal profession, but also in part to "lack of the observance of law by the members of the bar themselves." ¶ The National Associations of Real Estate Boards is about to urge upon Congress the necessity of prompt action looking to immediate relief and permanent solution of the Mississippi Valley flood problem. ¶ Returning from a three months tour of Europe, C. J. Atkinson, executive secretary of the Boys Club Federation, declared that a better feeling was growing between Europe and America because of the bonds of friendship and understanding established by the boys' organizations of the two continents. ¶ A \$10,000,000 fund is proposed for the establishment of a permanent secretariat of the World Federation of Education Associations, which met in Toronto. The gathering also authorized the creation of a World Committee on Peace through Education which will enlist the active co-operation of associations from more than 30 nations.



SWEDEN

¶ The internal political situation changed but slightly during the summer and early autumn. Prime Minister Ekman issued some statements to the effect that the country was best served by a parliamentary government of the kind he represented: a minority party keeping the equilibrium between the two large parties, the Conservatives and the Social Democrats, seeking support sometimes from one and sometimes from the other. He has been attacked particularly by P. Albin Hansson, former Socialist Minister of Defenses, who criticized Ekman's minority parliamentarism as having inflicted more defeats on the government than have been incurred by any former minister. ¶ The last great international congress of the year was held during the

latter part of August by the International Co-operative Alliance. There were eight hundred delegates from twenty different European countries as well as from America and Palestine. Even Soviet Russia was represented, which at the opening of the conference occasioned some strife, as its delegates wanted to introduce Russian methods, such as demanding that the deliberations should be carried on in the Russian language, a proposition which of course was rejected. There were also other attempts at Russian leadership, for instance, a proposal to create a joint co-operative bank, which likewise was rejected. ¶ Industrial Sweden has again made progress in Turkey, where earlier Swedish engineers and Swedish material have been employed in railway construction on a large scale. Now it is a matter of enlarging and modernizing the Turkish telephone system, which task has been entrusted to the firm of L. M. Ericsson. Interurban lines with automatic stations are to be erected throughout the country, and the concessions extend over a period of forty years. ¶ Almost thirty years ago work was begun to establish rapid railway connections between the northern coast towns and the capital. After many difficulties and hindrances, this undertaking has now progressed so far that it is expected the East Coast Railway from Hernösand to Gefle will be opened in November or December. ¶ During the current year Sweden has loaned to foreign enterprises and institutions no less than 130 million kronor, as records incontestably show. The reason for this is that on account of labor problems, taxation, and internal policies, Sweden's industrial situation is insecure to the extent that people do not dare to invest their savings at home, but prefer to place their capital abroad. ¶ A well known Swedish mountaineer and photographer, Borg Mesch, and his son have succeeded in climbing Sweden's highest mountain, Nallo in the Stuor Reita valley. ¶ A Swedish steamer

en route from Senegal via Rotterdam, upon its arrival at Gefle was found to be carrying a plague infection, and four of the crew were stricken. Precautionary measures were taken at once, and the spread of the dreaded disease prevented. ¶ According to reports from the great explorer, Dr. Sven Hedin, his research expedition in China is being attended with success. In spite of the disturbed conditions he experiences greater security and freedom than during his earlier travels there.



DENMARK

¶ Danish political circles have been considerably stirred by the renewed agitation of Cornelius Petersen, leader of the minority party in Slesvig. At a meeting in Aabenraa he declared that if King Christian, as titular Duke of the province, did not before October first assume rule on the principle of self-government for Slesvig, an appeal would be made to the League of Nations to take action. Those heading the semi-independence movement claim that Slesvig has sustained great damage politically and economically as a part of the Danish nation. ¶ In view of the somewhat uncertain relations existing between Iceland and Denmark, the Danish government considers it anything but advisable for so important a French newspaper as *Le Temps* to add fuel to the fire by suggesting that Germany is back of the movement for Iceland to obtain its complete independence of the mother country. In fact, the presence of the German Minister to Denmark in Iceland has been associated with this report. Commenting on the article in *Le Temps*, German newspapers, however, deny that any such interference exists, and add that it has long been known that the Icelandic peasant party has made full independence a part of its political program. ¶ While the United States immigration law is keeping would-be emigrants from Denmark away,

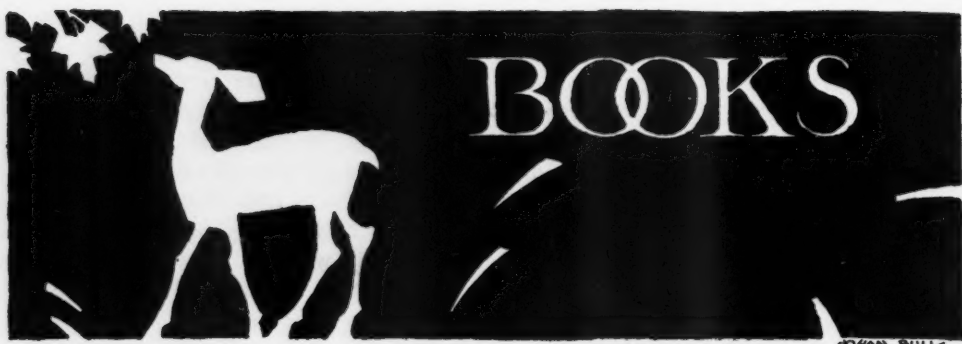
Canada received during the first quarter of the present year 1203 persons out of a total of 2086 Danish emigrants. As compared with figures in former years, it is shown that from 1909 to 1913 there emigrated annually from Denmark an average of 8291 men and women. ¶ It is expected that telephonic connection between Copenhagen and New York will be established shortly. The General Post Office department in London recently inquired of the Swedish telegraph management whether it would like to have telephonic connection overseas via the radio station at Rugby, and the Copenhagen connection will depend on what the neighboring country determines.



NORWAY

¶ Mr. H. H. Bachke has been appointed Norwegian minister at Washington, replacing Mr. H. Bryn. Mr. Bachke is one of the most experienced diplomats of Norway. Born 1873, he graduated in law from the University of Oslo in 1897. He has been secretary in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, minister at Buenos Aires from 1919 to 1924, and minister at Helsingfors during the last three years. ¶ Mr. C. F. Michelet who died by a shooting accident on July 25, 64 years of age, was one of the most highly esteemed politicians of Norway. A successful barrister, he was elected member of the Storting in 1909 and rose to a prominent position in two Conservative Cabinets. For several years he represented Norway in the Assembly of the League of Nations. ¶ Norway is one of the last countries in Europe to establish a regular passenger air service: Oslo-Berlin via Göteborg and Copenhagen. The route was opened on July 18 and promises to be a great success. The journey from Oslo to Copenhagen by air takes 5 hours and to Berlin 8 hours, only a third of the duration of the railway journey. The service is carried on by a Norwegian company, *Norske*

Luftruter, in co-operation with the German company *Luft-Hansa*. The machines and pilots are German. ¶ Norway has had many distinguished visitors this summer, among them the Queen of Holland, who spent about a month in Gudbrandsdalen and Jotunheimen, accompanied by her daughter, Princess Juliane. This was the third visit of the Dutch queen to Norway. ¶ Another distinguished visitor was the British Air Minister Sir Samuel Hoare who crossed the North Sea by air in the flying boat *Iris*, escorted by two other air cruisers on August 13. ¶ At the same time Albert Thomas, the famous French politician, made an official visit to Oslo in his capacity of Director of the International Labor Office at Geneva. The object of the visit was to establish a better contact between the Labor Office and Norway. Especially Monsieur Thomas wanted to convince the Norwegian Trade Union leaders of the necessity of being represented at the annual labor conference at Geneva. Whether he has succeeded will be shown at the annual trade union congress in November. Albert Thomas had an audience with the King, Premier Ivar Lykke, who is also Minister of Foreign Affairs, gave a dinner in his honor. ¶ The question of who is going to replace Björn Björnson as director of the National Theatre is being eagerly discussed in the Oslo papers. Mr. Björnson's resignation will take effect on January 1, 1928. There are four candidates for the post: Einar Skavlan, chief editor and dramatic critic of *Dagbladet*; Anton Heiberg, formerly director of the Bergen Theatre; Helge Krog, dramatist and critic of *Arbeiderbladet*; and Thoralf Klavenæs, author of novels and dramas. It is considered most likely that Mr. Skavlan will be appointed. The post is an extremely difficult one, especially owing to the bad financial position of the theatre, the deficit amounting to about 400,000 Norwegian kroner last year.



An American Book Table

*The Most Significant Books of the Year in America:
a Guide for Scandinavian Readers*

Compiled by ANNA C. REQUE

FICTION

Marching On, by James Boyd. *Scribner*.
An historical novel of the Civil War.

Black April, by Julia Peterkin. *Bobbs-Merrill*.

Negro Life on a South Carolina plantation.

Jalna, by Mazo de la Roche. *Little, Brown*.
English manorial life in Canada. The *Atlantic Monthly* prize novel.

Death Comes for the Archbishop, by Willa Cather. *Knopf*.

Against the background of the American Southwest is told the story of a French priest who becomes archbishop.

Twilight Sleep, by Edith Wharton. *Appleton*.
A novel of present-day New York.

The Plutocrat, by Booth Tarkington. *Doubleday, Page*.

The successful American business man on a Mediterranean cruise.

Elmer Gantry, by Sinclair Lewis. *Harcourt, Brace*.

The author of *Main Street* indicts hypocrisy in the church in a sensational novel of the sins of an evangelist.

The Grandmothers, by Glenway Wescott. *Harper*.

American pioneers and their descendants are pictured in this story which was selected as the Harper prize novel for 1927 and 1928.

Mother Knows Best, by Edna Ferber. *Doubleday, Page*.

Eight short stories in this author's vivid, brilliant style.

Smoky, the Cowhorse, by Will James. *Scribner*.

This story of a pony was awarded the John Newberry Medal for the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children, in 1926.

Three Lights From a Match. By Leonard H. Nason. *Doran*.

Vivid stories of American soldiers on the Western Front.

POETRY AND DRAMA

Tristram, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. *Macmillan*.

The outstanding book in American poetry this year.

The King's Henchman, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. *Harper*.

This dramatic poem based on an Anglo-Saxon tale was set to music by Deems Taylor and successfully produced at the Metropolitan opera.

A Play, Marco Millions, by Eugene O'Neill. *Boni & Liveright*.

A modern play on the blighting effects of commercialism, with a colorful Oriental background.

The Field God, and **In Abraham's Bosom**, by Paul Green. *McBride*.

In Abraham's Bosom won the Pulitzer prize in Drama for 1926.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

The Rise of American Civilization, by Charles A. and Mary R. Beard. *Macmillan*.
Agricultural and industrial America in an historical panorama.

The American People, a History, by Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. *Scribner*.
The chief facts in a single readable volume.

Main Street and Wall Street, by William Q. Ripley. *Little, Brown*.

A book on finance with a clear and fair presentation of facts and a broader appeal than the average book written for the investor.

Ten Years of War and Peace, by Archibald Cary Coolidge. *Harvard University Press*.
Essays on world politics. Mostly reprinted from *Foreign Affairs*.

Notes on Democracy, by Henry L. Mencken. *Knopf*.

Polemical essays against the abuse of popular authority.

The Green Rising: an Historical Survey of Agrarianism with Special Reference to the Organized Efforts of the Farmers of the United States to Improve Their Economic and Social Status, by William Bennett Bizzell.

History of the agricultural movement by the president of the University of Oklahoma.

The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti; a Critical Analysis for Lawyers and Laymen, by Felix Frankfurter. *Little, Brown*.

The case for the defense in simple language by a professor of law at Harvard.

The Philippines: A Treasure and a Problem, by Nicholas Roosevelt. *J. H. Sears*.

An editor of the *New York Times* writes of government in the Philippines.

The Revolt of Asia, by Upton Close (Josef Washington Hall). *Putnam*.

Following currents of nationalism and revolt through all of Asia.

China and the Powers, by Henry Kittredge Norton. *John Day*.

Many sides of the Chinese controversy.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

This Believing World, by Lewis Browne. *Macmillan*.

Comparative religion treated in a finely written popular book.

The Story of Jesus, by Benjamin W. Bacon. *Century*.

The core of unchallenged facts in the life of Christ by a liberal Protestant.

United Churches, by Elizabeth R. Hooker. *Doran*.

A study of church consolidation in America.

THE ARTS

The Domestic Architecture of the Early American Republic, the Greek Revival, by Howard Major. *Lippincott*.

A handsome quarto, with more space given to the illustrations than to the text.

Early American Furniture, by Charles Over Cornelius. *Century*.

A well illustrated, authoritative account by the associate curator of decorative arts, Metropolitan Museum.

GENERAL LITERATURE

Dante, by John Jay Chapman. *Houghton, Mifflin*.

An excellent introduction to the study of Dante with fine translations of some of the great passages.

Emerson and Others, by Van Wyck Brooks. *Dutton*.

Episodes from Emerson's life and other literary notes.

Main Currents in American Thought. The Colonial Mind, the Romantic Revolution in America. Vols. 1 and 2. By Vernon Louis Parrington. *Harcourt, Brace*.

An outline of American literature, 1620-1860.

The Harvest of a Quiet Eye: A Book of Digressions, by Odell Shepard. *Houghton, Mifflin*.

A walking trip through Connecticut.

The Early Worm, by Robert Benchley. Illustrations by Gluyas Williams. *Holt*.

A happy union of humorist and cartoonist.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Mother India, by Katherine Mayo. *Harcourt, Brace*.

A searching and frank account of the conditions of life of men, women, and children of India.

Silver Cities of Yucatan, by Gregory Mason. *Putnam*.

Adventures in searching jungles for Mayan ruins.

On the Stream of Travel, by James Norman Hall. *Houghton, Mifflin*.

Essays of travel from Iceland to the South Seas

Hawkers and Walkers in Early America: Strolling Peddlers, Players and others from the Beginning to the Civil War, by Richardson Wright. *Lippincott*.

The text is from old records and histories, and the illustrations are from old prints and other sources.

BIOGRAPHIES AND REMINISCENCES

"We," by Charles A. Lindbergh. *Putnam*.

Lindbergh's simple, direct, and effective style is as apparent in his book as it was in his flight, and both will retain some interest after a century.

George Washington, by W. E. Woodward. *Boni & Liveright*.

The best part of the biographers' campaign to humanize Washington.

Benjamin Franklin: the First Civilized American, by Phillips Russell. *Brentano*.

Poor Richard's progress from a Boston printing press to the French court, amusing and anecdotal.

Thomas Paine, by Mary Agnes Best. *Harcourt, Brace*.

A defensive biography of the pamphleteer of the American Revolution.

The Heart of Emerson's Journals, Edited by Bliss Perry. *Houghton, Mifflin*.

Selections from the ten-volume journal.

Israfel: The Life and Times of Edgar Allen Poe, by Hervey Allen. *Doran*.

So far the most complete biography of Poe. By a poet.

The Rebellious Puritan: Portrait of Mr. Hawthorne, by Lloyd Morris. *Harcourt, Brace*.

Biographical narrative of the New England novelist and his contemporaries.

The Harvest of the Years, by Luther Burbank, with Wilbur Hall. *Houghton, Mifflin*.

Authorized biography of the great naturalist.

John Sargent, by Evan Charteris. *Scribner*. Life and work of the artist.

Edison: The Man and His Work, by George S. Bryan. *Knopf*.

A record of the inventor's achievements.

Trumpets of Jubilee, by Constance Mayfield Rourke. *Harcourt, Brace*.

Brief biographies of Lyman Beecher, Henry Ward Beecher, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Horace Greeley, and P. T. Barnum.

Anthony Comstock, Roundsman of the Lord, by Heywood Broun and Margaret Leech. *A. & C. Boni*.

A columnist and a novelist write entertainingly about a reformer with contemporary illustrations.

An American Saga, by Carl Christian Jensen. *Little, Brown*.

Reviewed in our August number.

Fire Under the Andes, by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant. *Knopf*.

Fourteen contemporary portraits. The title is a quotation from Emerson.

AN AUTHORITATIVE BOOK
ABOUT THE FOLK HIGH
SCHOOLS

The Folk High Schools of Denmark and the development of a Farming Community.

By Holger Begtrup, Hans Lund, and Peter Manniche. With an Introduction by Sir Michael Sadler. London: Oxford University Press. Copenhagen: Nyt Nordisk Forlag. 1926. 168 pages.

IN THESE days when Denmark is so much in the public eye, it is a satisfaction to have in English a calm, unimpassioned survey of this country's progress and the reasons for it from the hands of leading Danes themselves. It is very hard for us Americans to understand why the level of scientific agriculture is so high in Denmark, why co-operation is so widely and soundly practised, why the farmer, educated, prosperous, and politically powerful, is contented with the life a farm affords—the kind of life we are pleased here to consider is suited only for the less ambitious and gifted.

The small volume, *The Folk High-Schools of Denmark and the Development of a Farming Community*, has been prepared by Hans Lund, Principal of Rødding Folk High School; Holger Begtrup, Principal of Fredriksborg Folk High School; and by Peter Manniche, Principal of the International People's College, Elsinore, Denmark. All three men are well known in Denmark and eminently fitted for their task, which has been undertaken in response to the interest in England in this type of education. They have done a real service to English and American readers by presenting clearly the circumstances which gave birth to the folk high school, the theory and purpose of this type of education, and a glimpse of the part it has played and is playing in Danish life.

OLIVE DAME CAMPBELL.

THE SWEDES IN PENNSYLVANIA
Where Pennsylvania History Began. By
Henry D. Paxson. Distributor, Mrs.
M. D. L. Fry. Philadelphia, 1926.
Price, \$5.00.

"That Pennsylvania history began in the year 1682 is an error too long unchallenged," declares Colonel Paxson in his preface, "and while there is no desire to detract from the honor due William Penn, credit also belongs to those pioneers on the Delaware who laid the foundation for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania."

The purpose of the present work, therefore, is first of all to emphasize "the prior settlement and colonization of the State by the Swedes," and to remove any residual haziness about the matter. Col. Paxson's plan for doing this is unique and convincing. He conducts the reader or sightseer on a trip from the City Hall in Philadelphia—"on the east side of the main southern portal" of which there is a bronze tablet commemorating the Swedish settlements on the Delaware—to Tinicum Island, Delaware county, Pennsylvania, where the Swedes founded the first permanent colony, thirty-nine years before the coming of William Penn, and "established and maintained for twelve years (from 1643-1655) the first seat of government in Pennsylvania."

The itinerary, covering about thirty-eight miles, includes points of historic interest in the Old Swedish settlements, Wicaco, Passyunk, and Kingsessing, Philadelphia. On the way, the author, indicating minutely the distance traveled in each case, stops to show us in detail the various old mansions, block-houses, trails, land-grants, forts, churches, mills, trading-posts, and other landmarks that throw light on early Pennsylvania history. The sites and monuments described are primarily, though not exclusively, of Swedish origin. The route is

made more conspicuous to the reader by the use of three remarkably valuable maps—the largest prepared by the author himself—and by not less than ninety-five beautifully reproduced illustrations. Most fascinating to the present reviewer are the portraits of the two Delaware chiefs, Lapowinsa and Tischcohan, painted from life by the Swedish artist Hesselius. Valuable miscellaneous documents from undisputed sources are reprinted in an appendix. Such are: Instructions for Johan Printz, Governor of New Sweden; Rev. Andrew Rudman's list of Swedish families residing in New Sweden in 1693; Dr. Gregory B. Keen's Notes from early Swedish records; and Extracts from parish records of the Gloria Dei Church, Philadelphia.

On the whole, Mr. Paxson's instructive, corrective, and stimulating guide is of necessity authoritative; it fills a gap in our ideas of pioneer American history; and the work deserves hearty support. It is based on first-hand sources, where there were any such, and evinces a great amount of labor.

In the treatment of John Morton, however, it would seem as though the author—like the present reviewer in a recent publication—were a little too credulous and followed traditional conceptions too closely. These ideas should be modified. Oliver A. Linder in the *Year-Book of the Swedish-American Historical Society* (Chicago, 1907) gives a plausible argument for fixing the date of Morton's birth in [February] 1725, instead of 1724, the date generally given. Also—and this is of greater importance—a misleading, sentimental emphasis has too long been laid on the circumstances attendant upon Morton's signing of the Declaration of Independence. It has been called to the reviewer's attention that some of these alleged dramatic circumstances, which have been heralded by so many writers, never existed at all.

Besides, the question of whether or no Morton decided a tie vote for his State, or that he thereby settled the question of independence for the whole nation, is entirely immaterial in comparison with Morton's life-long, consistent service in the cause of American freedom.

A. B. B.

A BIT OF DANISH HISTORY

The Danish Sound Dues and the Command of the Baltic. A Study of International Relations. By Charles E. Hill. Duke University Press, 1926.

IN ONE of the greatest books of the last century, Admiral Mahan pointed out the importance of Sea Power in History, and his volume was a trumpet call, not only to statesmen, but to that humbler profession which chronicles their deeds. For all of its brilliance, Mahan's work was conspicuous for certain omissions, and of these the omission of any reference to the Baltic was not the least startling.

Mr. Hill's volume does not exactly fill this historiographical void; it is not a chronicle of the Influence of Sea Power in the History of the Baltic, but merely one chapter, and a very adequate chapter, in that as yet unwritten work. He has called his monograph "The Danish Sound Dues and the Command of the Baltic," and he has clearly subordinated the latter factor to the former. While this may be both historically and chronologically correct, it robs the volume of something of that larger interest which would otherwise attach to an interpretation of the significance of the Command of the Baltic.

For over four hundred years the Sound Dues ran a golden thread through Danish and Baltic history. They were the subject of endless diplomatic controversy, of innumerable wars and treaties, of conventions and settlements. The

right and power to impose them, arbitrarily, on all ships passing Kronborg was for centuries the lodestar of the Danish monarchy; and it was indeed a star that dwelt apart, for the entire income of the Dues, amounting at times to over two million rigsdaler annually, accrued to the Crown, and furnished the foundation for its independence, the weapons of its defiance of the rather futile Councils, and the wherewithal for wars. The Sound Dues were the shuttles on which the Danish Kings spun their fine webs of European diplomacy and domestic politics.

There was no legal basis for the imposition of the Dues, and it must remain wonderful why all of the Powers of Europe consented for centuries to a tribute on their commerce which had no validity in international law and no sanction in superior force. Various European states manifested some irritation at the expensive and annoying anachronism, but it was the United States that precipitated the crisis. In 1855 President Pierce notified Denmark that the United States would no longer submit to the Dues, and we refused to participate in a Conference to consider their redemption, because the question of the right to levy them was not open for discussion. It was an opportunity to repudiate the European States system, and our government embraced it with its traditional ardor. The International Conference, meeting in Copenhagen in 1857, did make a generous redemption of some sixteen million dollars; the United States, having vindicated her principle, gallantly consented to contribute her quota, much as she to-day contributes to the expenses of the League of Nations; and one of the most vexatious problems of European politics and international commerce was relegated to the dignified domain of historical research.

HENRY COMMAGER.

THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

*For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples,
by means of an exchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information*

ESTABLISHED BY NIELS POULSON, IN 1911

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Associates: All who are in sympathy with the aims of the Foundation are invited to become Associates. Regular Associates, paying \$3.00 annually, receive the *REVIEW*. Sustaining Associates, paying \$10.00 annually, receive the *REVIEW* and *CLASSICS*. Life Associates, paying \$200.00 once for all, receive all publications.

What They Read in Norway

"Is there any one book in which I can get some idea of all the modern writers of fiction in Norway and what sort of thing each writes? I know some of Hamsun's books and I have read one of Sigrid Undset's—but what about Gabriel Scott and Garborg and all the others?" These are typical of the many questions that come to the Foundation.

Told in Norway: An Introduction to Modern Norwegian Fiction is the Foundation's answer. This is one of the year's SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS, a volume of twenty-two of the best stories ever written in Norway, by eighteen authors, with a brief introductory essay on the history of modern fiction in Norway, and biographical notes for each author in appendix. The authors included are Björnson, Lie, Kielland, Garborg, Jacob B. Bull, Amalie Skram, Thomas Krag, Hamsun, Kinck, Falkberget, Olav Dunn, Peter Egge, Gabriel Scott, Mikkjel Fønhus, Johan Bojer, Jacob Hilditch, Hans Aanrud, and Sigrid Undset. These are the modern masters of Norwegian prose, and their names and works deserve to be known in America. A book in which

all of these are represented is certain to make a strong appeal to any reader. We prophesy a large Christmas sale. The translation is by Anders Orbeck, the introduction and notes by Hanna Astrup Larsen.

The Foundation already has a part of the manuscript for a similar book showing Swedish fiction, and the stories for a Danish volume are being selected.

Woman Power

This is a novel of one of the triangles of human affection, a durable masterpiece of its kind by the great Swedish novelist Gustaf af Geijerstam. The manuscript of a delightful translation by Esther Rapp came into our hands several months ago and we are announcing it for publication as one of our SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS of 1927. There is nothing crass or objectionable in Geijerstam's analysis of the power of love; it is done with charm and delicacy, and sound psychology. There are four main characters in the book. These four are a man and the three women who have influenced his life—a wife on whom chivalry is wasted; a daughter in whom a

daughter's love is intensified; and the woman whom the man should have married. *Woman Power* will be the twenty-eighth SCANDINAVIAN CLASSIC.

Our Collaborators in Letters

The Foundation—the only American publishing house producing exclusively English translation of Scandinavian masterpieces—has been fortunate in developing a corps of authors and translators the quality of whose work has given prestige to its publications. They are men and women of many activities even outside the field of letters. . . . The dean of the corps is the author of our first monograph, *The Voyages of the Norsemen to America*, CAPTAIN WILLIAM HOVGGAARD, Professor of Naval Architecture in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, expert advisor of our Navy, who read a paper on rigid airships at an international conference in Cambridge, England, this summer and then flew from London to Copenhagen. . . . COL. HENRY A. BELLOWS, has become a man whose every word on the subject of radio has become news since President Coolidge named him one of the commission of five to have full power over radio transmission and control. We still think that his greatest work is his translation of *The Poetic Edda*. . . . Readers of our *Norwegian Fairy Tales* and *Charles XII* by JOHN A. GADE are waiting now for his promised book on Christian IV of Denmark. For Mr. Gade also letters must remain an avocation; he is a member of the financial house of White, Weld and Co. . . . Professor A. B. BENSON continues his literary-historical studies outside the lecture rooms at Yale University. His edition of *America of the Fifties* by Fredrika Bremer was followed last year by *Sweden in the American Revolution*, in which he accounted for sixty-four young Swedish officers who fought for American independence. . . . Professor LAURENCE M. LARSON of the

University of Illinois, who translated *The King's Mirror* for us, joined the summer history faculty of Columbia University. . . . CHARLES WHARTON STORK, translator of Heidenstam's *The Charles Men* and *The Swedes and their Chieftains*, editor of *Contemporary Verse*, has been chosen to direct the publications of the Roerich Institute and Museum in New York. . . . Professor S. B. HUSTVEDT whose *Ballad Criticism* was our third MONOGRAPH, and who translated *Norse Mythology* and the Norwegian section of *Scandinavian Art*, has continued his ballad research at Harvard this summer. . . . *Atlantis* is the title of EDWIN BJÖRKMAN's latest book. . . . ANDERS ORBECK will now add his second volume to our series in *Told in Norway: An Introduction to Modern Norwegian Fiction*. . . . *Astrolabe: Infinitudes and Hypocrisies* is a new publication by S. Foster Damon, one of the translators of our *Book of Danish Verse*.

To Exhibit the Masters Also

For the first showing of the Danish National Art Exhibit at the Brooklyn Museum during November and December there may be brought to America a choice collection of the accepted masterpieces of Danish painting. This was not part of the original plan of the exhibition which was designed to show what is being done by Danish artists of to-day in the decorative and domestic arts as well as in the fine arts. But it was felt that even so splendid a collection deserved an introduction to America under the aegis of the great masters of a generation ago. The institutions and private collectors in Denmark were not unwilling to send these more precious national possessions to America provided that they were shown only at the opening of the exhibition and not subjected to the peril of transportation by rail within the United States. The government appropriation for the general exhibition,

however, does not cover the expense of insuring this special collection, and the Foundation has been urged to solicit a fund for that purpose. Any person interested in helping to bring the collection of old masters to New York, should communicate with the Secretary of the Foundation.

Professor Stomberg in Uppsala

Professor A. A. Stomberg of the University of Minnesota, secretary of our chapter in that state, sailed in August for Sweden to spend the winter in the university town of Uppsala. Professor Stomberg will use his sabbatical year for research in Swedish literature and history, and he will deliver a series of lectures on the life of the Swedish people of America.

Two More Fellows from Denmark

A communication from the President of Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab, Kammerherre Clan, announces the appointment by their jury of two additional fellows to America for 1927-28. The stipends for these two Fellows, \$1,000 each, are donated through Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab by the Grosserer-Societet and the Carlsberg interests of Copenhagen. The men selected are: I. C. A. AMMENTORP, a mechanical engineer associated with Burmeister and Wain, the internationally known shipbuilders, for the study of the manufacture and use of machine tools in America; and G. HAUGSTRUP-SØRENSEN who has studied previously in Roumania and Belgium and will make a survey of the wholesale grain trade here.

Journalists Return from Norway

The group of American journalists and newspaper editors who spent a month in Norway as the guests of the state railways and the press associations returned to America in August. One

member of the party, Mr. H. Sundby-Hansen of *The New York Herald Tribune* will later report to our readers on economic conditions in Norway in a series of articles dealing with Norwegian industries.

An Analysis of the Review

Mr. Thor M. Andersen is a librarian and a Fellow of the Foundation from Norway for the present year. In assembling a bibliography of Norwegian-American literature, he had to make a survey of the contents of the REVIEW since the beginning; and, while he was about it, he made up for us a table of data showing how many pages of major articles, not including notes and current events, have been devoted to each of the Scandinavian nations. It is very gratifying to find from this impartial analysis that the editor has steered, as we believed, on an even keel.

Mr. Andersen considered every number of the REVIEW from 1913 to the end of 1926. He classified the articles and counted the number of pages devoted to each nationality—with the following results:

| | |
|------------------------------|------------|
| Articles relating to Denmark | 1118 pages |
| Articles relating to Norway | 1046 pages |
| Articles relating to Sweden | 1295 pages |
| Articles relating to Iceland | 167 pages |
| Articles relating to Finland | 99 pages |
| Miscellaneous "Scandinavian" | 312 pages |
| Total for fourteen years | 4037 pages |

In his note accompanying the statistical table, Mr. Andersen writes, "Under 'Scandinavian' I have registered not only articles about the whole of Scandinavia, but also those which could not be assigned to a single country without some dispute, as for instance the Norse discovery of America, Holberg, Tordenskjold, etc. In this way, I think nearly 200 pages have been registered which do not concern Sweden but are to be divided chiefly between Denmark and Norway."

NORTHERN LIGHTS

Otterströms *American Negro Suite*

The first New York performance of Thorvald Otterström's *American Negro* suite by the Philharmonic Orchestra, in the City College Stadium on August 1, attracted the attention of Eastern critics to this Danish born composer who has achieved his reputation in Chicago. The *American Negro* was composed in 1916 and was directed for the first time in the season of 1916-1917 by Frederick Stock, conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra; and it is Mr. Stock as guest conductor of the Philharmonic who has added this suite now to the repertory of an Eastern orchestra. The seven movements of the suite take their themes from as many negro spirituals and slave songs: *Dese are My Fader's Children*, *Blow de Trumpet*, *Gabriel*, *Jehovah*, *Hallelujah*, *De Sin-Sick Soul*, *Travel On*, *Ebry Hour in the Day*, and *Ole Satan*. Charles H. Noble in the *Herald Tribune* wrote of the suite: "It is doubtful if one unaware of the origin of the thematic material in this suite would at once apprehend the negroid character of Otterström's orchestration. Indeed, there is a good deal of an Oriental and even an Indian flavor about some passages. But this suite has charm and humor and a robust individuality of its own. Its aspirations are modest, but the harmonic garments draped about these spirituals seemed full of rich color and a good deal of distinction. The suite was doubly enjoyable, too, for its generous variety of mood and imagination."

Of Mr. Otterström's numerous compositions for piano, violin, cello, voice, and orchestra, many are said to have drawn their inspiration from negro and American Indian melodies. He early recognized the fact that these are America's indigenous folk music.

Mr. Otterström was born in Copen-

hagen in 1868, and has lived in Chicago since 1892. His musical education he received chiefly in Copenhagen and in St. Petersburg.

Sweden of To-day

The first part of a new work on Sweden entitled *Sverige i Våra Dagar* has recently come from the press of Hasse W. Tullberg, Stockholm. In its final form it will comprise two large quarto volumes with many illustrations, some of them in color. The editor-in-chief is Magnus Blomstedt, with Fredrik Böök and Gustaf Upmark as supervising editors. Chapters on the intellectual and material aspects of present-day Sweden's culture will each be contributed by an acknowledged authority in that particular field.

A Conference of Psychologists

This month there will be a meeting of the world's leading psychologists at Wittenberg College in Springfield, Ohio. The initiative in calling this conference was taken by the Foundation's former fellow, Dr. Martin L. Reymert, formerly of Oslo and editor of the *Scandinavian Scientific Review*, and now Director of the Department of Psychology at Wittenberg. Most of the leading psychologists of America will attend, and manuscripts from scientists of European universities and schools of psychology will be read.

Modern Swedish Glass

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has lately acquired a representative collection of modern Swedish glass for its permanent collection. The Museum's August bulletin contains a descriptive article on the glass, more particularly on the Museum's new acquisitions.